THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Seventh Year of Issue | July, 1947

Germany's Aims
KURT SCHUMACHER

☆



Anti-Strike Laws
MURRAY COTTERILL

☆

A. R. M. Lower: Philosopher-Historian
FRANK H. UNDERHILL

☆

FROM KURE TO HIROSHIMA
HARRY ROSKOLENKO

THE FRUSTRATED FARMER
ANDREW HEBB

USSR IN THE BALKANS
G. M. A. GRUBE

Vol. XXVII, No. 318 | Toronto, Ontario, July, 1947 | Twenty-five Cents

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THE CANADIAN FORUM
16 Huntley Street Toronto 5, Canada

O CANADA

We have to square up in this country to compulsory military service, against which there is no logical argument on earth. Those who snipe at it reveal themselves as agents of a potential enemy, and should be marked and remembered carefully for future reference.
(Hamilton Spectator)

It is a fact that during the war years, when consumers would buy anything at almost any price, the price level of dresses, lingerie, coats and suits, and to a lesser extent men's and boys' clothing, was greatly inflated. In fact, the consumer was expected to pay fantastically-high prices for wearing apparel which was badly made, in some cases poorly designed, and certainly not worth much more than half the price that was asked. (Canadian Textile Journal)

Vancouver, May 28 (CP).—West-coast churchmen are up in arms over what the reported "wife-sharing" at the newly founded Doukhobor settlement at Hilliers, B.C., is doing to people's morals, and the landed gentry, living in palatial beach houses in the vicinity are equally concerned over what the much-publicized practice is doing to property values . . . Dean Cecil Swanson, president of the Vancouver Ministerial Association, said that if Doukhoborism wants to lapse into the morals of the "cattle herd" it is their own affair. "It is tragic, however, that these people should have been allowed to colonize in Canada and be given a sort of preferred status among us." (Globe and Mail)

Who is responsible for the candy bar strike? . . . Witness the children on the street with strike banners. I have yet to see one well-groomed or contented-looking child in the bunch. They are all puny-looking scarecrows. Let the mothers make home-cooked meals for them, keep them off the streets, train them to be good citizens, not gangsters and hoodlums. Teach them how to patch torn clothes and keep their bodies clean. Any child taking part in strikes belongs to Hitlerites, and no merchant will ever engage anyone of that type.
(Letter in the Vancouver Sun)

There is still a lot of hard and unskilled work to be done in Canada and the new immigrants—if we get them—will probably have more than their share of it to do. But at least they will be better paid than their predecessors. On the other hand, if we do not get immigrants, we shall have to devise some means of getting the hard work done. (Vancouver Daily Province)

In replying to the toast to the Montreal Board of Trade, W. M. Birks, past president, decried the inroads Socialism and Communism have made in some other countries. . . . Australia . . . he declared, was . . . "in a mess with socialism and Communism and had to bring a banking commission out from London to save her from bankruptcy." While making no comment regarding Britain's socialistic government he submitted that democracy as practised in Canada and particularly in the Province of Quebec, provided a design for living which could not be paralleled elsewhere. Mr. Birks suggested that even "if our Western provinces go pink or red, Old Quebec will save the day" for "still stands Thy Cross above the crowded city, symbol of righteousness, of brotherhood and peace." (Montreal Star)

St. Jerome, Que., June 4—(CP)—Judge Aime Chasse, presiding at the trial of R. Kent Rowley, textile union official, announced yesterday he intended to order the arrest on charges of perjury of two strikers at the Lachute, Que., plant of Ayers Ltd.

Judge Chasse said the charges would be laid against Armand Duquette and Gaston Parizeau, who had sought to lodge a complaint that Duquette had been struck by Capt. Leopold Dauphin of the provincial police. The judge refused to grant the strikers a warrant for arrest of Dauphin.

"I will not permit these strikers to attain their petty and seditious purposes by such procedure," he said. (Toronto Daily Star)

As the Battle of Broadcasting moves into its newest phase, advance skirmishing indicates a forthcoming major engagement before the parliamentary committee. It is to be hoped that those entrusted with the generalship of these manoeuvres will appreciate that this is not a peace conference, but an extremely vital encounter. One fact which may not have been sufficiently emphasized is that the battle we are fighting is not really the "*Battle of Broadcasting*." It is, in effect, the "*Battle of Business*." (Canadian Broadcaster)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to John Alexander, Port Nelson, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXVII, No. 318 — 28 — *Founded 1920* — Toronto, Ontario, July, 1947

Abdication

With the exception of sugar and molasses, all rationing has ended. Is this because the wartime shortages have been replaced by peacetime plenty? No, the real position is that the ration coupons, by which every individual and family was assured of a fair proportion of goods, especially food, available, have been replaced by the age-old ration coupon—the almighty dollar—by which he, who has, gets.

The demand for goods has shifted from the broad base of the entire mass of the population to the narrower group of those whose incomes are above the minimum. The apparent shortages caused by rather full employment with prices under control and essentials under ration conditions have disappeared. They have disappeared largely because the prices have been allowed to rise. With the higher prices fewer incomes are large enough to allow of the full exercise of demand for staple goods. Thus with the effective demand lower, the apparent shortages no longer exist.

We have become accustomed to say and think that prices are lower here than elsewhere, and that we have done a rather better job than most countries in decontrol. But the prices of most commodities are now so high that essential goods are beyond the reach of many, many thousands of our people. Somehow our government and our people caught a great vision during the war and, despite its failings, we developed a remarkably good system of rationing and price control. Most of us lived better than we were accustomed to previously.

Why did we lose that vision? Were we so wearied by the war effort? Were we so blinded by military victory?

One thing is certain. The mass of the common people benefited by rationing and price control. The budgetary cost of subsidizing prices was outweighed, 12 to 1, by the saving to individual consumers. And yet, elected to serve the mass of the Canadian people, the Federal Government has abandoned this policy. The mass is suffering today more than it did during the War. Our Federal Government has failed the people. It has abdicated in favor of those few who, in the temporary period of unreasonable prices, may reap the momentary rewards of greed.

But we must not forget in our present frustration that we are witnessing only half the cycle. And what may become the most important factor in the other half is the fulfilment of the truism: "He who abdicates is not consulted as to who shall be his successor."

Joint Defence

The second reading of Bill No. 253, moved by the Minister of External Affairs, Mr. St. Laurent, on June 4, occasioned considerable debate in the House of Commons and indicated a substantial difference of opinion among the members of the four major political parties. Bill 253 provides for the discipline and internal administration of United States forces while in Canada. Commanders of United States forces in Canada will have exclusive jurisdiction through their service courts in connection with such breaches of discipline as would not be offences under Canadian law. (United States service courts have exclusive jurisdiction over their own personnel to the exclusion of their own ordinary courts of justice. This is not true in Canada). Without the enactment of Bill 253 visiting United States forces could not be disciplined by their own commanders, as otherwise they could be treated only as individuals, and arrest would amount to assault.

Visits of United States forces on invitation of the Governor-General as Commander-in-Chief of Canada were referred to in the policy statement made by Prime Minister King in the House of Commons on February 12. At that time he said, in part that the collaboration would include "interchange of selected individuals so as to increase familiarity of each country's defence establishment with that of the other country . . . Encouragement of common designs and standards in arms, equipment, organization, methods of training and new developments . . . Mutual and reciprocal availability of military, naval and air facilities in each country." This statement was made as a result of the decisions of the Joint Board on Defence.

While we have subscribed to and must live up to the obligation of military support to the United Nations as provided in Article 47, we are still within the UN framework in continuing and strengthening the Joint Board on Defence since it is provided in chapter 8 of the charter that "regional arrangements or agencies" may deal with local matters of international security.

But we are not at war. Maintenance of bases in the northern Canadian areas may be necessary in the opinion of the military experts as a part of our own and North American defence. Training in sub-arctic conditions may be wise. But, whatever the necessity in this regard, it can not be stressed too strongly that all such bases should be under the control of Canada, staffed by Canadians and directed by Canadian officers directly responsible to the Canadian Chiefs of Staff.

In developing joint defences we must be extremely careful that it is joint defence and not assumption of military vassalage. Canada is ours and worth defending. We must be certain that we defend it as much from our "friends" as from our "enemies."

U.S. Labor Policy

The Taft-Hartley labor bill, which embodies some of the most drastic restrictions upon organized labor ever enacted in a democratic country, is an expression of the American politician's contempt for labor and labor's power politically. It must be borne in mind that while the bill bears the names of the Republican chairmen of both Senate and House of Representatives labor committees it is not a purely Republican emanation. The overwhelming approval which the measure received was due to the votes of a majority of the Democrats of each section of Congress who, under pressure from big business, showed little hesitation in turning their back on labor. American labor is slow to grasp the futility of the Gompers political philosophy—of which the political philosophy of Sidney Hillman is but a streamlined version. What is considered political ABC in labor circles of almost every land—that a political party which is financed by contributions from industry, and officered almost exclusively by the middle class, cannot be faithful to labor's interests—is still regarded as a foreign and a somewhat radical premise by most American laborites.

American labor is fortunate, however, that it is not as weak economically as it is unwise politically. Because of the great strength of the American labor movement it is most unlikely that the Taft-Hartley bill will achieve its purpose, which is clearly to return labor to the limbo of pre-Wagner Act days, or worse. The fact that a large section of American industry has known the economic stability of closed and union-shop agreements over a period of years is a further obstacle in the path of the new measure. Actually, what well may occur is that Americans will witness a new kind of bootlegging, an illicit trade in closed and union shops. A law which faces the unanimous opposition of labor and the vociferous opposition of a not inconsiderable minority of employers is not likely to stand indefinitely. Meanwhile, let us hope that American labor may learn some of the elementary facts of political life. In this case, that independent-political action by labor is the way to avoid another such shocking betrayal.

The Margate Conference

The annual conference of the Labor party gives an opportunity for about 1200 rank and file delegates to discuss with the executive the record and the plans of the government. This year, the delegates at Margate were naturally eager to express a justified pride in the government's legislative record, and they did not want to embarrass the leadership in the difficult times ahead. So they applauded the 'rebels' and then voted solidly with the executive on all but two relatively minor issues: they condemned the 'tied' agricultural cottages and demanded 'equal pay for equal work' for women state employees.

It is perhaps a pity that Ernest Bevin was able to dispose so easily of his critics. The 'rebels' had issued a pamphlet, *Keep Left*, to prove that Britain's present commitments abroad are quite beyond her strength. Bevin's easy victory was due in part to poor tactics on the part of the 'rebel' group, for they spoke mainly in the debate on manpower (where they were defeated), leaving Zilliacus (who is never very far from the C.P. line) to deal with foreign affairs. This is, itself, also significant. Nevertheless, Bevin's attitude that his foreign policy must be accepted or rejected as a whole, and his inclination to regard criticism as disloyalty, are not helpful. He cannot ignore, whatever vote he rolls up, that critics like Michael Foot, Crossman and Jenny Lee speak for a considerable group of young and vigorous socialists in the party, that their facts and figures must be answered, not merely brushed aside. The problem of manpower is crucial.

There is evidence too that the party as a whole, and especially the trade union wing, have not fully realized the desperate nature of the economic crisis. While the miners supported a resolution for preferential treatment to direct manpower into essential but not always attractive industries, the transport union's leader denounced successfully all government interference with traditional union-negotiated wage structures. Yet, quite obviously, the government must find a way to direct manpower where it is most needed. There is little evidence that the education of the more conservative trade unionists on this point has yet been tackled.

For all that, the Labor party has emerged from last winter's cruel disasters with their working class support, and their party organization, unimpaired. Their recent comfortable success in the Jarrow by-election established a record of by-election victories unequalled since Disraeli. The Margate conference was a striking demonstration that unity in the Labor party quite outweighs any differences. In spite of natural frustration in these hard days, there is no evidence that the Tories are regaining the political initiative.

India and Burma

India is a world in itself. Amid the infinite complexity of that world, the details of Britain's final proposal for Indian freedom will almost certainly change. But that is not important. The important thing is that India shall be free. By act of parliament, to be passed at the current session, power will be transferred on the basis of Dominion status. It will then be the right of India's constituent assemblies to choose whether they remain within the British Commonwealth. Straightforward and unequivocal, Prime Minister Attlee's statement has paved the way for 400 million people to enter into a new freedom whose privileges will be matched only by the sobering responsibility which now rests squarely on their own shoulders.

"Never before," H. N. Brailsford observed a year ago, "had an empire made a spontaneous surrender of power to a subject people." True, Britain could not afford to stay in India, either financially or in terms of manpower. But a lesser statesmanship might easily have sought amid these dark days to cling to the tenuous glory of yesteryear. They might have done so even on the noble plea of refusing to forsake India to the turmoil and bloodshed which may be her lot when left to her own resources. But that temptation has been resisted. Come what may, India shall be free.

Why has the world thrilled to these truly historic developments? The London *Tribune* has suggested a reason: "At a time when the Russians have laid claim to the entire Tsarist Empire in Europe and Asia, and when the Americans have virtually annexed that of the Japanese, the British restoration of the jewel of her Empire to its rightful owners will set an example which, if sustained, must win the trust and support of the free world today."

Meanwhile, Burma stands on the threshold of her freedom too. Aung San, head of the interim government, is a close associate and great admirer of Nehru. Now that Nehru has chosen Dominion status, with an option on complete independence within a year, his Burmese colleague may follow in his footsteps.

Art Education Setback

Amidst tremendous activity on all fronts the Art Gallery of Toronto drily announces the closing of the Saturday morning classes for children. The Children's Art Centre is due for a drastic overhauling: now only Gallery members' children will meet there unless the province decides to use the building for purposes of its own.

The Centre did pioneer work in experimental art techniques and reached out to all levels of the community over the years, in addition to classes for members' children there were classes for mentally subnormal and exceptionally brilliant children; for blind adults and for partially blind children, for the hard of hearing and the totally deaf; children stricken with polio were given special art instruction. Courses were given for recreational leaders. All during the war the day nurseries used the Centre's facilities and the talents of a highly-gifted staff to capacity.

Many of our younger artists will admit that their interest awakened in Art Gallery classes. To train professional artists was not the main purpose; it was to teach art to anybody interested. Teachers from all over the province used to visit the Gallery at Easter and came away with new ideas for their own schools.

The Saturday classes have been going on for nearly two decades. When they were begun under the dynamic leadership of Arthur Lismer art was taught very differently in

Ontario schools. A good deal of the Gallery spirit has filtered into the teaching of art in the province since then, but that does not mean that the work is by any means done.

Art classes for children are important in most American galleries where the activities at Toronto are highly regarded. The Gallery has been doing a fine job in community work in Toronto, but has carried on with very little financial support from the city or the province. Few people realize how dependent it is upon membership and private donations. But the time has evidently come when the Gallery can no longer finance this work as grants which they requested from the city and the province have been refused. The Gallery carried on during the restrictions of war years. Now when the work with children should be expanding, it is, in our opinion, disgraceful that such a community centre should be forced to close when community centres are so desperately needed all over the country.

Thumbprints

In a speech at Dundee on June 12, Sir Stafford Cripps stated very clearly "the fundamental economic problem" of the western world: the tremendous unbalance between American productivity and the devastated productive capacity of Europe, "so that on the one side you had improved standards of living and a vast surplus, while on the other you had a greatly reduced standard of living and a huge deficit." Excess of American exports over imports are at the rate of about half a billion dollars a month. Europe has no dollars; yet the Americans must sell or be economically embarrassed, while Europe must buy or starve. Loans give immediate relief, but ultimately they may well aggravate the unbalance. Tariffs cannot begin to deal with the problem, though they too can aggravate it. Such is the background against which any plan for the recovery of Europe must be worked out.

* * *

Mr. Coldwell has rendered a real public service by raising in the House of Commons the methods by which one hundred Polish girls were chosen from the displaced persons camps in Europe to come and work in Mr. Dionne's woollen mills in the province of Quebec. As a result of the discussion in parliament, changes have already been made even in that arrangement, and the government has been compelled to face its responsibilities. Questions have had to be answered and a full statement of policy promised. We want to make room for as many displaced persons in this country as we can absorb; but it is most important that they come over on the government's responsibility and that they be not exploited by private business.

* * *

Mr. Ilsley has joined the ranks of those who believe, or at least hope, that a depression can be avoided by patriotic appeals to big business to behave and to keep down profits. We all remember Mr. Howe's confession at the beginning of the war that patriotic appeals were quite useless even in wartime. They have much less chance in time of peace. Mr. Ilsley went on to remind his business audience of the existing laws against conspiracies in restraint of trade and competition. The whole history of anti-trust laws proves their ineffectiveness. "If orderly price reductions do not become more general," said Mr. Ilsley, "business men must share the blame for the great slump which is then sure to follow." That will indeed be a great comfort to the unemployed.

* * *

Another example of the government shuffling off its responsibilities came in the House of Commons when Mr. Howe was warning those intending to install oil furnaces to get firm assurances first of an adequate oil supply. He said the government no longer had any control over coal and oil, and that his warning was in the nature of a public service! Asked by Mr. MacInnis whether the government would limit the number of oil-heating systems, Mr. Howe replied that all the government could do, since it had no control over the situation, was to give wide publicity to his statement.

* * * *

THE BATTLE OF THE BLIZZARDS, a thirty page pamphlet issued by the United Kingdom Information Office (10 Albert Street, Ottawa) gives a racy and vivid account of the weather crisis in England in the first three months of the year, of the losses, the vigorous counter-measures taken, the ever good-natured yet dogged nature of the people and their imaginative determination. It also gives startling early estimates of losses incurred. The well-written text is vividly illustrated by well-chosen photographs.

USSR and the Balkans

► RECENT EVENTS in the Balkans have at least clarified Russian policy in Europe. Obviously timed moves have followed one another as parts of a carefully worked out policy. The Communist parties alone are a sufficiently coherent force to carry out such moves in the Balkans as a whole, and they would obviously not venture on such a course unless it originated in, and was directed from, Moscow. That much must be admitted; it is too obvious to deny.

In Bulgaria the leader of the opposition was jailed as a traitor. Words have such different meanings these days that one must remember that the premier of Bulgaria today is the same Dimitrov who was arrested by the Nazis, and acquitted, at the time of the Reichstag fire in 1933. He then became general secretary of the Comintern, the declared enemy of all social democrats. He is undoubtedly a brave and able man. He is also a trained revolutionary, and his first loyalty has always been to Moscow. Monolithic government being the only kind that he has been trained to understand, opposition, to him, is treason almost by definition, and he should have little difficulty in proving to himself and to others of a like mind that a leader of the opposition is a



ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND

traitor. The other Communist leaders in the Balkans are trained in the same school; once they are in power, democracy in the Western sense will find it hard to survive in that part of the world. Not of course that it ever flourished there.

Within a few days, the Premier of Hungary was deposed by the Communists, though his party holds 222 seats against their 70. He is also said to be a traitor, and there is even an alleged confession from a former secretary of his party who has been in Russian custody since February for espionage. This too seems a familiar pattern. The most significant thing here is that the Russians did not report the situation to the other members of the Allied Council responsible for the armistice in Hungary, as they were bound to do, refuse every suggestion of an international or three-power inquiry, refuse a copy of the confession, refuse admittance to Hungary to any American, even an educational officer of the UN, and fulminate with anger at any suggestion that the case be brought before the United Nations. This, they declare, would be an unwarranted interference with the sovereignty of Hungary! But after one speech against the government, parliament is adjourned for a week. The fate of him who made it, Deszo Sulyok, should be watched.

Communist pressure is put on Austria, where the Communists obtained only 10 per cent of the last popular vote, yet they make promises of considerable Russian economic help in exchange for key positions in the government for themselves.

The Rumanian premier is being feted by Tito with great promises of Slavic co-operation, and the Czechs, who have troubles of their own, are expected in Yugoslavia a few days later.

To see in all this merely an answer to Truman is naive in the extreme. At most, some of the moves may have been speeded up because of the American countermoves. A consistent policy of this kind is not evolved, much less prepared for, in a few weeks. Sympathy for the Russian revolution and a conviction that some of the fruits of that revolution may still be enjoyed by the people of Russia should not blind anyone, or make him excuse, this clear policy of Russian domination in the Balkans. The less so as this is an old policy, pre-dating the revolution, and there is nothing specifically communist about it except perhaps the new way it is dressed up. The obsession of capitalist encirclement leads to a desire to set up 'friendly' governments, and gives new meaning to the old Pan-Slavic policy of the Czars.

Unfortunately the Soviet leaders cannot believe that any government can be friendly unless it is dominated by Communists, and it looks almost as if the only governments they trusted are those they can trust to obey. Yet the small degree of communization that may take place in the Balkans, economically speaking, seems quite incidental. Or has Stalin gone Trotskyite? It hardly seems likely; and unless he has, the interest of Russia, and of Russia alone, is the main object of his foreign policy still.

Officially, and at international meetings, the whole issue will probably be discussed and protested in terms of the independence of Hungary and the sovereignty of the Balkan countries, but that is not now the real question. Interference, economic and even political, is at the present time quite inescapable, and the real question is whether the interference is on the side of freedom and prosperity, or on that of repression and economic serfdom.

Economic help from, and trade arrangements with, Russia, are necessary and beneficial for the Balkans, if they do not lead to economic vassalage and authoritarian dictation. The difficulty is that all signs seem to show that Russia, in its present stage of development, seems to require dependence before she will give help.

To say that in this Russians are only doing the same as the British did in Greece is contrary to fact. Indeed some of us have been inclined to blame Britain because she did not intervene strongly enough on the side of social democracy in Greece. Nevertheless, there are certain basic similarities between Russian and American policy that must be kept in mind if we are to evaluate both accurately, and perhaps succeed in influencing them for the better. Both promise economic help, though the Americans have more to give. Both insist on "democracy." By the word democracy the Russians of course mean communism, a confusing use of terminology to the unwary. The Americans use the word to mean political democracy, but many of them live under the strange illusion that capitalism and the freedom of economic exploitation are necessary concomitants of political democracy. The danger is that this may lead them to believe that wherever they preserve free economic exploitation of the people by capitalism they are in fact preserving democracy, whereas of course the opposite is more likely to be the case.

So real democracy is in jeopardy from both sides. About Russian-Communist expansion we can do little except make it very plain that the establishment of so-called 'friendly' governments in ever greater depth around their frontiers is likely to have catastrophic results. In this connection it is very significant to find even Henry Wallace now trying to make the Russians understand that further Russian expansion "would" make the Americans fight.

American policy is fortunately less rigid, less clearly conceived, less logical and therefore more easily influenced. There is still a better chance that it may be directed into the more positive channels of economic relief to Europe rather than into merely negative anti-Communism. True, this negative aspect got all the emphasis at first, but General Marshall's recent utterances, emphasizing the need for an economic plan in helping Europe, give better ground for hope. It is characteristic that Ernest Bevin, who, whatever his faults, does understand the importance of economics, took up Marshall's words with great enthusiasm and immediately set consultations going between the countries of Western Europe.

In this he was right, for politically the world has reached a complete deadlock. There is no hope at all at present that any progress can be made toward international - political agreements, either between the great powers or in the United Nations. Economic agreements dealing with specific projects are, however, still possible. If economic solutions can be found to European or international problems, political solutions may follow. There is no hope at all for any progress the other way around.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Twenty-Six Years Ago

Vol. 1, No. 9, July, 1921, *The Canadian Forum.*

It is a common theme in smoking rooms and other places where business men congregate that "labor must now be taught a lesson." The press is full of the hackneyed phrase "the vicious circle." Not all such talk is insincere, but much of it is. Not long ago one of the best of our newspapers, the *Montreal Gazette*, reported at length a speech delivered by the President of the Canadian Vickers' Shipbuilding yard at the launching of a vessel. The speaker said that the yard must soon close as there were no more vessels on order. Why? Because labor made such unreasonable demands. Labor has not learned that half a loaf was better than no bread. Labor had continued to demand higher wages until it paid no longer to build ships. So shipbuilding in Canada must cease. The *Gazette* reported this without comment.

The Frustrated Farmer

Andrew Hebb

► A LATE and wet spring suggests less than a 50 per cent feed grain crop in eastern Canada, but more discouraging to the farmer than the vagaries of nature are the vagaries of government. There is no chart of dominion government agricultural policy on which farmers can rely. Only the grain farmers of western Canada, of whom the minister of agriculture is one, have any clear picture of what return they may expect this year, or next year. The lack of policy at Ottawa, the continual struggle between the minister and his laisser-faire cabinet colleagues, and the belated announcement of decisions are serious factors in the tragic decline in livestock production. The government has substantially abandoned the "adequate and stable returns" and "fair relationship" principles of the Agricultural Prices Support Act of 1944. A board functions under the act, but, with tied hands, makes no substantial use of the act's two hundred millions of dollars. The minister now argues that contract prices with Britain, which are generally below the market price or what a free market price would be, are the promised "floor prices." If a floor price means anything, it means a price which becomes operative when the market price would, except for the floor, be even lower. A floor price means that the producer gets the market price or the floor price—whichever is better. A contract price means the contract price—regardless of the market price.

The price certainties provided by contract prices are dissipated by uncertainties in production costs. Most serious to eastern Canada farmers is the supply and cost of feed grains. Agriculture competed with industry last winter for boxcars to bring grain east from Winnipeg and the head of the lakes. Bins were bare, the demand for little pigs waned, chick orders were cancelled and SOS telegrams were bombarding Ottawa before the government arranged a temporary boxcar priority for feed grain. Eastern agriculture scraped through, but reduced its production goals. Now there is a shortage of lake shipping, and farmers are prodding Ottawa to take action to stave off a livestock catastrophe this coming winter. There is hope that an extra good western crop will make up eastern losses—eastern feed grain requirements from the west may be double last winter's—but without intervention there is little prospect of moving enough of the crop to the east to maintain livestock, dairy and poultry production.

In addition, there is the threat of substantially-increased costs. Although the minister gave in parliament on April 14 what seemed to be an elaborate denial of any intention of ending the feed grain drawbacks on August 1, he has apparently informed farm delegations since then that these subsidies will end on this date. The Canadian Federation of Agriculture is pleading for a change of heart. While the wheat drawback was established during the war, the oats and barley drawbacks were initiated, as recently as March 18, to offset increases in prices to western grain producers. Cancellation of the subsidies would mean that eastern farmers were paying the westerners their price increase. Ottawa has promised continuance of feed grain freight assistance until July 31, 1948, but, when all these feed subsidies end, Maritime farmers will once again pay more than their Danish competitors for western Canada feed grains. Along with these demoralizing prospects is the threat of a 30 per cent increase in all freight rates — to maintain shadow-boxing competition between public and private railways. More than anything else today, the farmer wants from the government a clear statement of long-term agricultural policy.

Germany's Aims

Kurt Schumacher

► MANY GERMANS have not yet realized what Nazi power meant for Germany and Europe. Nor do they understand that during the years of war the Germans lived by exploiting the resources of the European continent and thus kindled the desire for revenge and reparations in other nations. There are millions of Germans who take cause for effect and vice versa, and who today regard as the excess of foreign nationalism what German nationalism first created. All countries take pains to stir this feeling and to sharpen the contrasts.

The present situation is as Romain Rolland had anticipated: "It is the desire of every nation to end all wars by its own victory. And from victory to victory humanity plunges ever deeper into its own defeat."

Thus the immediate task of the German Social Democrats is to combat nationalism in general and nationalism in their own country in particular. This does not involve abandoning our own people, but it is the only means of keeping this nation alive and helping her to regain the esteem of other nations and her own self-respect.

In Germany there is danger of a revival of nationalism. This, however, would be less the continuation of the old kind of nationalism of the German Empire or of Hitler, but a new mood of hunger, cold, pauperization, and despair which could lead to a crisis of democracy. The underlying feeling that "Under Hitler everything was better," and the seeming failure of democracy, due to the fact that there are interested groups who after a total war would like to see also a total victory, lead many people to regard power as the chief of all values.

The Communists try hardest to revive nationalism in Germany. All impoverished elements of the Nazis are siding with the Communists, while the rich bourgeois of the same party tend toward the Christian Democratic Union. They all speak the same language of nationalism.

And here is where the Social Democratic Party faces the battle. To their mind nationalism is the modern conception of nihilism on this continent, the true danger to freedom and a peaceful social life of the peoples as well as to economic recovery.

The objective difficulties of a policy of reason and reconciliation are tremendous. The peoples of Europe, who were forcibly united in one gigantic concentration camp under the swastika, cannot yet, so short a time after the end of World War II, with its horrible experiences, follow a considerate policy. The Germans themselves, however, whose industry is to a great part destroyed, who since 1938 were not sufficiently supplied with fertilizer to tend the soil regularly, and who suffer because millions of prisoners of war are still being retained, are fully occupied with their own troubles and sufferings. Four zones mean four worlds and the fourfold attempt to transplant the social, political, and cultural life of the respective nations on to German soil. German economy and German nerves are exposed to the severest trial.

One cannot help reproaching the victorious powers for coming to this country without knowing which pattern they would use to rebuild the political, economic, and spiritual life of the Germans. The western powers make only very slow progress in finding an adequate scheme which would do

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justice to international as well as German interests; they are still too deeply involved in discussions to arrive at a uniform treatment.

No policy of annexation and dismantling can help to establish security. Annexation is the most unfavorable form of reparations. Dismantling brings the least profit and greatly weakens the reparations-capacity. Just because the Germans are willing to pay effective economic reparations we have to oppose this foolish ruinous dismantling policy based on the fictitious production capacity which was arrived at by the queerest calculations. As a result of this policy the German economy has already been so greatly paralyzed that in single branches of key and transport industries reconstruction would have more sense than dismantling.

In various branches of the destroyed production it will be necessary to follow first a policy of repair before thinking of a successful long-term reparations policy. One should only think of the imminent breakdown of transportation and the preceding or simultaneous dismantling of the locomotive and coach industries to realize the present chaos.

The security which the world needs with regard to Germany cannot be attained through a policy which will eventually revive a new nationalism and irredentist movements. One cannot suffocate Germany and at the same time demand effective reparations. A permanent security will be possible only through a conversion of Germany. The Social-Democratic Party is fighting for a socialization program not only for economic reasons, although they are important enough. By transferring the means of production from the capitalists to the people, we aim to deprive of power a class which twice has plunged Europe into a world war with all its horrible consequences. Only a policy of socialist planning in Europe can guarantee a lasting peace for coming generations on this continent.

The decisive factor will be the democratic control of the planning of any socialist measures. We recognize that all of us in Germany have to abide by the consequences of the lost Hitler-War and will have to make great sacrifices. But we object to making the poor people again shoulder the heavy burden of a lost war.

Socialism in our eyes is not state capitalism. We do not wish to see a new ruling class, whether it consists of politicians, bureaucrats, or technicians. We do not wish to create a new class of the profiteers of state capitalism, as is being done in the Eastern zone of occupation. At the same time, however, we do not wish to revive the old-type capitalism. But the danger, too, has not been overcome because influential-international circles follow a policy which favors social reactionaries and elements friendly to the Nazis in the three Western zones of occupation. In either case the tremendous sacrifices made in this war would have lost their true meaning. The Social Democrats know very well that the Germans, having failed to control their government in the past, are now being controlled by other nations. The battle for democracy, involving respect for personality and human rights as well as the absolute equality of citizenship, is the basis for the functioning of any socialist and peaceful policy.

The problems in Germany and Europe are such that they can no more be solved by pursuing merely national policies. We want, however, to avoid the mistake of presenting the world with an idea of international and socialist planning, "made in Germany." But we can and must propagate the idea that a reconstruction of the devastated European economy can be accomplished by all-European planning. We have to do everything possible to make the people learn again to respect one another, individually and in the relations between nations.

Every nation must drop the idea of being the only elect. It is our duty in this country to bring it home to the German people that in the peaceful European family of the future it will have a useful function but no "mission" to carry out.

There is a long and difficult road ahead of us. We will never reach our goal as long as we think we can do it alone without the help of the other smaller and greater nations. But we have made our decision: for the German nation and against national power politics, for socialism and against exploitation, for peace and against any politics leading to wars!

Anti-Strike Laws Don't Stop Strikes

Murray Cotterill

► A UNION CONTROL BILL has been passed by the U.S. Congress. B.C. has enacted labor laws which hamper unions. The proposed National Labor Code is no improvement over inadequate wartime regulations. The public has been assured by proponents of such laws that they are not hostile to the working man. Some have admitted that they are against "union leaders" but have hastily added that they are in favor of unions. All these laws have been justified on the grounds that they will stop strikes.

The fact is that, to the extent that any law makes strikes difficult or illegal, that law will actually produce more strikes. Peculiarly enough, the best way to avoid strikes is to make strike action as easy as possible and to make certain that the employer against whom the union is on strike suffers as great financial loss as possible as a direct result of the strike.

The logic behind anti-union laws is simple. Strikes are bad. Strikes are called by unions, who must be bad since they call strikes. Any law which weakens a union or makes it illegal for a union to call a strike therefore makes strikes less frequent and that is good. Simple logic, but inaccurate.

It would be equally logical to argue that since hunger is bad, people who are hungry are bad since they are hungry. Any law which weakens hungry people or makes it illegal for them to ask for food will therefore make hunger less frequent and that is good.

The correct solution to the latter problem is, of course, more food, more meals, and less hunger. The correct solution to the strike problem is less disputes with employers, therefore less occasion for unions to call strikes, and, as a final result, less strikes.

Proof that anti-strike laws don't work out in practice is abundant. All a person has to do is to review the strikes which have taken place in Canada since the beginning of World War II. The Industrial Disputes Act was extended, which made strikes illegal during a long and involved conciliation procedure. Laws were passed making it illegal to strike for higher wages. In the case of the big steel strike of 1946 a special law was passed just before the strike deadline. Yet strikes took place.

The laws had the effect of making strikes more definite, more determined, and more violent when they finally did break out. The government also found itself in the position where, having taken sides against the union on the question of legality, it weakened its function as a conciliator. Things have finally reached the point where reporters seldom ask if a strike is legal or illegal. There isn't any difference and it doesn't seem to make any difference. All the "pass-a-law"

boys have succeeded in doing is to weaken the public respect for the principle of law and order.

The greatest anti-strike experts of all time were Hitler and Mussolini. Yet even these two experts didn't succeed with their "make-strikes-illegal" formula. They went so far as to destroy the unions and make everyone in the country either a soldier or a conscript laborer. But strikes took place. And, in order to head off an explosion on the home front caused by unreleased pressure and discontent, these men had to let off steam at the expense of somebody else's property in some other country.

Strikes, after all, are merely a collective refusal to work for a certain employer or group of employers under terms which the employees find unsatisfactory. When unions or strikes are made illegal, the workers quit their jobs or slow down production. The same result takes place when strikes are lost and unions are destroyed or weakened. As long as employer and employee do not reach real agreement a dispute continues to exist. Since it is doubtful that our politicians will go as far in the present direction as fascist labor conscription, it can be assumed that strikes will take place and that they will be bigger, more violent, and harder to settle.

All this does not mean that governments should shrug their shoulders and say, "The only way to avoid strikes is to give unions everything they ask for." It does mean that strikes will not be avoided by the passage of laws making it harder for employees to form unions, harder to use those unions to make more effective demands upon management than they could make individually, or illegal for the union they have formed to say "No" to a management proposal. The job of government and law should be to create an atmosphere of collective bargaining in which it is equally hard for either employer or union to say "No" to their opposite's proposals and more profitable for both parties to say "Yes." Once that state of affairs has been created, the avoidance of strikes and the continuance of production is just doing what comes naturally.

Union members go on strike when an employer says "No" to a proposal they have made to him through their union. It is easy for an employer to say "No." It is harder for a union to say "No." When an employer says "No," it means that present wages or working conditions are to remain unchanged. When employees say "No," they must go on strike. Acceptance of existing conditions or employer proposals can only mean that the employees have told their union to say "Yes."

Even after strike action takes place, the employer still finds it easy to keep on saying "No." As long as money remains in the bank and ownership of the property is possessed the employer is economically secure. Under present tax laws, it has been stated that profitable companies can afford to close their doors for two months out of every twelve and only the government loses. In these days it is just about impossible to lose markets, which is the only other risk involved.

Employees, on the other hand, risk a great deal by strike action. No employer or member of the general public suffers as much inconvenience as the employee involved in the strike. The employee loses income and can usually ill afford the loss. He suffers, in extreme cases, actual hunger. He must carry on his conscience the sorrow and suffering of his dependents, who, in a way, are not directly involved in the dispute. He may lose his job if the strike fails. In addition he suffers the same inconvenience caused by lack of the commodities or the services he normally produces that is suffered by the general public.

When this is soberly considered, it is surely apparent that the employee is the last person who needs to have his resistance to strike action reinforced by law or threats of punishment. The government which proposes a sensible method of avoiding strikes will not only have public support, it will have the enthusiastic aid of every union member as well.

It is apparent that the employee risks loss by saying "No" and that, once he has taken strike action, all the economic pressure upon him favors ending the strike as soon as possible. The job of government and law, therefore, is to make it equally risky for an employer to say "No" and, should a strike break out, profitable for that employer to start saying "Yes."

Since the employee risks loss of job during a strike, the employer who cannot reach agreement with the union representing his employees should immediately risk loss of ownership. The plant should be seized by the public and not be returned to the original owner until that owner has worked out a satisfactory settlement with his employees. Should no settlement be reached the owner would have permanently lost the property just as the employees would have permanently lost their jobs.

In order to equalize loss of income, the government should continue to collect taxes, just as if the plant or operation was in continuous production and receiving continuous income. Striking employees who find work elsewhere during a strike have their income tax deducted while those who do not find other work receive no income which can be taxed.

No salaries or other company-provided income should be paid to persons responsible for company policy during the term of the strike unless they are received from some other enterprise or unless the person finds, like some of his employees, a job somewhere else for the duration.

During the period of government seizure the plant should suspend all operations and only basic maintenance should be permitted. This would render picket lines unnecessary and eliminate the danger of strike-breaking, either by a minority of the bargaining unit or by imported strikebreakers. To talk about law-breaking by unionists on a picket line when employers are permitted to recruit non-members of the bargaining unit or circumvent democratic procedure for employee approval of settlement terms is to make a mockery of existing laws making bargaining in good faith mandatory upon both parties.

Such innovations would not completely equalize the risk for employer and employee. Most employers or persons responsible for setting corporation policies usually own more than one property or possess the capital to purchase new profit-making properties. Employees usually possess nothing but their job, their skill, and their experience. Most employers or persons responsible for setting corporation policy have other sources of income than that provided by a single concern or can find congenial employment elsewhere with more ease than any employee. But these innovations would be a step in the right direction.

Passage of such laws would prevent a repetition of the 1946 nonsense which saw great companies able to show a nice profit at the end of the year after being closed for months and after agreeing to wage increases which, had they been offered before the strikes took place, would have made strike action impossible and eased consumer commodity shortages all the sooner. It would end the spectacle of the Dominion Steel & Coal Company continuing to receive a subsidy from the government while refusing to accept even the proposals put forward for settlement of the dispute by a government conciliator. It would stop dangerous scenes such as those which menaced Hamilton last summer because a giant steel company was able to continue production with triple-pay strikebreakers while refusing to accede to the far less expensive proposals of the legally certified bargaining agency representing its employees. It would stop companies

from breaking the spirit of mandatory collective bargaining laws with impunity while strikers are threatened with special Orders-in-Council or arrested for violation of petty ordinances as they patrol picket lines.

Anti-strike laws won't prevent strikes. They will merely make them worse and encourage more of them. The solution to strikes is to create an equal-risk balance between employer and employee, thereby allowing economic pressure to work with equal force on both management and labor to prevent production stoppages and, if they do break out, to end them as quickly and equitably as possible.

From Kure to Hiroshima

Harry Roskolenko

► JAPAN SMELLS, but not from rosewater. The odor is ancient and traditional. Among its other lacks, the nation forgot to copy the modern ways of fertilizing the soil, so that one cannot go past a street in a village without wearing a gas-mask. Going from mountain-ringed Kure, now a shattered naval base, to Hiro, which is one-fourth of the distance to Hiroshima, the picture is not a pretty one. What was a total wreck eighteen months ago is now a pile of rubble growing into jerry-built shacks; a fantasia of thin, unpainted lumber making streets, houses, places of business; a village, a town, a city—a composite of desolation in which contrasts are abysmally violent, lurid, too arresting for the appreciation of the camera-eye alone. It is human grief, slant-eyed, wearing spectacles, saying "Very sorry" to the man with the question.

The former workers in the war industries walk barefoot on wooden, stilted sandals, bound for new occupations. Women in rough trousers and old kimonas are carrying or pushing anything and everything on wheels. Everybody carries a burden, like so many mechanized camels: wood for heat or building a shack; gadgets gathered from the rubble; objects hurriedly made into furniture—and *food*; endless, timeless, all-consuming errands. They find, they build, they innovate, for it is winter and the cold is not pretty either. There are no skiers about on Honshu Island, not Japanese anyway. They sit in their stalls in the traditional manner, waiting only for customers of the Occupation Forces to stir them from the hand-warmers, with hordes of little boys shouting as you pass, wearing rags and blankets for coats.

You go through a tunnel built on the military highway that skirts along the Inland Sea. Boats, mostly motorless, are sculled from the stern by women who have their babies strapped to their backs. It is more than poverty; as you pass them in a jeep you are not part of their world at all. It is not the color of their skin, which is no different from your own. It is their social system, even to their laughter. They always laugh. The fishermen are dragging the nets in, bunched together with their small boats. Fish is the only food you do not need to plant with human manure. All you need is time and a fishing-line or a net—it is free. Further up the road are the pleasant, white Californian houses being constructed for the married troops, disordering the scene of violence. It is unreal even if the occupation is real enough. Yet it has been said that the Allies have occupied Japan with no weapon more murderous than a camera.

The scene of destruction never ends. A nation with broken wheels, with a destroyed *know-how* moves about with endless, antlike motions. The sick shuffle: their noses and mouths covered like Hollywood doctors bending over a patient. Only it is the whole nation that is sick and awaiting hospitalization for mental, physical, and political diseases.

A tram in Sydney or a subway in New York is a thing of room and space compared to the public transport system in the BCOF area of Japan. The passengers adorn the train like a forest of shrivelled flowers awaiting a garbage can.

A lorry, carrying a load of trees, has thirty laughing Aussies perched like birds sagging on limbless trees. They are going to Hiroshima for a day of sightseeing, carrying with them their haversacks and cameras. Since Japanese food is taboo, the soldiers carry their own, but the little beggars around Hiroshima Station will get most of it. I took some pictures when the Aussies fed the kids, who fluttered about in the cold winds, chasing the food. It is another unpretty picture.

There is no universal cliché possible about the atom bomb, nor can repetition decrease the image of the approaches to Hiroshima despite the concrete bridges that still span the river. It seems at first to be a continuation of the havoc the bombers created in Kure, when they levelled the naval base, but the flatness is too extraordinary even with the mushrooming shanties which make the topmost surfaces. It is a Coney-Island bazaar a day after summer, so keen is the isolation of the wreckage. It is a city of nails sticking out, of spineless towers jutting stupidly upward, of eccentric levels of the eye; a décor for dancers doing a Doomsday frolic. The three-year-old boy with the running nose is still begging sandwiches from the Australian, New Zealand, Indian, and English occupation troops. An old woman gets a break and stuffs a piece of bread into her dress, while a radio augments the mad sounds by intruding some classical European music; then the harmonies of the Japanese; then the shrill speech of the announcer. No one listens. They are out for bread, and noise that comes with havoc is a distraction. The new authority is *food*.

Where are the burnt people of Hiroshima? One passes. His face is glued with a pulpy, wart-like flesh. You turn away. You have seen them . . . You think no more, nor do you ask to be conducted on the correspondents' tour of the Hiroshima Hospital. The newspapers have reported it adequately and science has fulfilled itself.

What escaped destruction appears as a mystical phenomenon, covered with concave tiling. Like the few people who still go around well-dressed, these houses are oddities to be ignored. The only bright essence is a colorful kimona whirling by on stilts, attached to a girl—it is that contradictory. Reverse the film and anything in the surrealist library will go for facts.

The Station, mostly untouched by the explosion, is surrounded by masses of travellers. Three daily trains, as modern as the Penn. R.R. and used solely for Allied personnel, are the chief carriers to Tokio, 550 miles away, with a schedule for the Japanese running concurrently. Like the men and women with burdens, everybody is travelling. Some other place must be better, some other zone has more food, more cigarettes, and the overall needs to make life possible.

Yet there is an element of comedy in the tragic contours. A marathon race is nearing completion. Some runners have just entered Hiroshima, followed by friends on trucks and bicycles who shout something that sounds like "Huyza" to them, to urge them on to finish. It is part of the fantastic curtain waiting on the last chord of the social and political orchestra. On another street is another truck filled to the top with demonstrators, singing something that sounds like the Japanese version of the "Red Flag." The tragi-comedy ends in the admixture that comes with hunger and cold, the little boys without stockings shouting "Hello," the one word they have learned in English. It is friendly but geared to a handout, a smile, an answer. But the answer is political, in another place; not with the soldiery and cameras. It is the black market that settled over the world in the winter of 1947.

A Canadian Philosopher-Historian

Frank H. Underhill

► THE UNIVERSAL PRAISE with which Professor Lower's history of Canada* has been welcomed during the six months since it first appeared makes further commendation of it now seem rather superfluous. Yet one cannot too strongly emphasize that the volume is the most mature and philosophical history of Canada that has yet been written. Professor Lower has long been known among his academic colleagues as the most philosophic of our historians. Perhaps one proof of our growing maturity as a people is the response which the Canadian public as readers seem to have been making to his latest publication.

The book is entirely free from the cheap romantic bombast which has been the curse of most popular writing about Canada in the twentieth century. Its sober and generally pessimistic conclusions about our relative success or lack of success in building up a national community of any intrinsic significance must be shocking to all our professional, journalistic and after-dinner patriots. Perhaps it is too gloomy. The note which is struck in the preface is sustained throughout. "If Canadians were able to realize themselves as a people and to lavish their profoundest political loyalties on their own country instead of dissipating them in half a dozen different directions, then interest in their own past would come readily enough and the invincible determination to remain in ignorance of all except its superficial aspects would disappear . . . There are as yet two Canadas, inhabited by two peoples, who as often as not are at outs. In the strictest sense there can be therefore no History of Canada. There can be histories of French Canada and histories of English Canada. There can be Histories of Canada written by French authors or by English authors, which hardly seem to refer to the same country. There can be useful studies in economic, diplomatic or constitutional history. There can be polite political history. There can be biography. The past twenty-five years have witnessed a remarkable output of these types of monographic material . . . But since they have not been fused in life, for the historian to fuse all these elements into one integral substance is close to impossible. Writing Canadian history remains an act of faith, the substance of things hoped for."

To a good many readers, no doubt, the cumulative impression produced by repeated statements of this theme is apt to be one of undue querulousness. Yet the book as a whole is a triumphant answer to the first sentence of its preface: "Most of those who see this book will probably decide without opening it that it must be a dull one." It is anything but dull, and it seems to me on nearly every page to say just the things which adult Canadians who seek a true insight into the development of their national life should want to have said to them.

The writing is not eloquent, since eloquence does not come naturally to us in the middle of the twentieth century. Nor does the book often achieve irony; we Canadians would have to be as mature as eighteenth-century Englishmen and Frenchmen before our historians could be expected to achieve irony. But it is full of sentences which stick in one's memory. "It is not easy to govern a country part of whose people are more British than the King and part more Catholic than the Pope." "The decree *nisi* of 1763 between New France and Old France was made absolute in the 1790's." "The Loyalists called an old world into existence to redress the balance of the new." "The association of English and French is like that of a badly mated man and woman. When trouble comes the woman sulks while the man bullies." "The application of cultural tests robs all Canadian cities of metropolitan status." "Confederation was carpentered rather than forged." And on the theory of mercantilism: "The all-wise counsellors of the king, brooding over these mysteries in London and gazing out over the world-wide expanse of empire, deftly revolved the colonial planets around the metropolitan sun in ordered harmony."

What makes *Colony to Nation* most significant is that it represents a noteworthy advance in Canadian history-writing. For a long period our historiography was concentrated on political history of a certain kind. The men of that generation came to the writing of history with their minds, consciously or unconsciously, saturated in German idealist philosophy. Canadian political history became in their hands the unfolding, the self-realization, of a great Hegelian Idea. Thesis: the Old Colonial System. Antithesis: 1837. Synthesis: Responsible Government. And as they worked out the Synthesis to its culmination in the Commonwealth, they prostrated themselves in a truly German adoration. This Hegelianism now survives only among the more intellectual of our politicians and constitutional lawyers who, as is usual with members of those two professions, operate with mental machinery that is a generation or more out-of-date. But it is strange that it should have flourished so long in our universities which are wont to pride themselves on their English ways of thinking.

In reaction against this school there has grown up in the last twenty years a school of economic historians who turned from the Idea to the material basis of our life. They presented us with a much more realistic picture of ourselves as a community of economic animals subsisting upon the exploitation of a succession of staples—furs, lumber, wheat, minerals — which we produced for metropolitan markets overseas. The trouble with the economic historians, and with the more recent sociologists who have been making their picture somewhat more complex, is that they did not succeed in producing a history of real flesh-and-blood human beings, and so the general public wouldn't read their writings. The characters in their drama were abstract forces; it never became more than "a ghostly ballet of bloodless categories."

Professor Lower has himself made great contributions to this economic history, and his present volume gives a masterly analysis of the economic basis of our national life from Jacques Cartier to Trans-Canada Airways. But he has also restored to life again the actual human beings who constitute the people of Canada. He makes their aspirations and strivings, their loves and hates, significant to us. He makes the political leaders come alive again instead of being just marionettes pulled this way and that by the strings of some economic determinism. One of his main themes is the conflict between "exploitation" and "settlement". And he works out brilliantly the way in which the process of turning our natural resources into goods of economic value in world markets reacted upon the process of building up human societies in the St. Lawrence valley and across the continent.

Especially does he dwell upon the difficulties between French and English as the central theme of our history. The older writers of "polite political history" were never quite completely frank on this subject, and to the economic historians all economic animals are of the same gray color. Professor Lower drives home by constant repetition the thesis that the root of our troubles in Canada is the division

*COLONY TO NATION: A. R. M. Lower; Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. xvi, 600; $5.00.

between two fundamentally different and probably irreconcilable philosophies of life. He has harsh words throughout for the bourgeois ideals of the English-speaking Protestants with their devotion to material progress, and he is markedly sympathetic to the French Catholic way of life: "self-contained and rather primitive, with no bourgeois striving for style, no thought of ornateness, but altogether very fair material conditions for the times (he is describing the French Canada of 1763), good health, plenty of warm human association in simple social gatherings and, for the prevention of mere animalism, adequate spiritual outlet through the church." "If we can surmount our sterile middle-class philosophy with its pathetic belief that possession of things is the chief end of man, we may agree that rural Canada could not have asked of the 18th century a markedly better kind of society than it possessed." Over against this life he places the English Canadian way of doing things: "Into this unchanging world comes bursting the hurly-burly of the English man of business. From the first the New World has released in man the passion of greed. Greed as an ordinary human quality the peasant can understand, but not greed erected into a way of life and fortified both with the majesty of law and the sanction of religion." One shudders to think of the blistering phrases which Professor Lower would have had for our Anglo-Saxon mores if he had lived the last twenty years in Toronto instead of in Winnipeg.

Perhaps it is relevant to inquire at this point how long it will be before a French-Canadian historian appears who shows anything like the same sympathetic understanding of English Canada which Professor Lower shows of Quebec.

But one must also point out that the Lower analysis oversimplifies the nature of English Canada. Considering his dislike of the way of life of the business man intent on turning natural resources into profits, it is surprising that he shows such coolness toward the Upper Canada Grits before 1867, or toward the Liberal party of Alexander Mackenzie immediately after 1867, or toward the modern Progressives of the prairie. These movements represented a Jeffersonian revolt against the Hamiltonian forces that have tended to dominate Canadian history for the last hundred years. Especially would one have expected a Winnipeg historian to develop with some passion the theme of the revolt of Western Canada against the imperialism of Montreal and Toronto. Aren't modern prairie wheat farmers (or nineteenth-century Upper Canada wheat farmers) worth some imaginative sympathy if French Canadian habitants are worth so much?

One other great virtue of this history is the attention paid to the structure and functioning of political parties from generation to generation. For the first time we get a full picture of how they grow out of the economic, religious and social life of the time and how they operate as unifying or divisive forces.

Finally, our Canadian story is always kept properly focussed in the North Atlantic world of which we are a part. Britain and the United States are not vague outside forces exercising their mysterious magnetic attraction upon us, but they are made individual and concrete. Political and economic changes in Canada are related constantly to developments that were taking place in the other two corners of the North Atlantic Triangle. Some critics would say that Professor Lower is too prone to emphasize the self-centred attitude of British imperialism and the essential colonialism of Canadians throughout. But it is useful for us to be repeatedly reminded of the invigorating effect which independence has had upon our American neighbors, of the vitality which they have enjoyed from fully accepting their North American destiny. While we would not have survived as a separate individual Canadian people through the nineteenth century without the protection of the British connection, at the same time we have paid a heavy price for that protection in the slowness with which our own national spirit grew and in the weakness of that national spirit today.

Professor Lower concludes on this theme of a national spirit. "But the English Canadians have been little fitted to deal with a sensitive minority; they are a dour and unimaginative folk. Having failed to find a centre in themselves, they borrow the heroes, the history, the songs and the slang of others. With no vividly-realized *respublica* of their own to talk about, they take refuge in silence, unable to formulate their loyalties, confused over their deepest aspirations . . . Canada with its divisions of race presents no common denominator in those profundities which normally unite, in race, language, religion, history and culture. If a common focus is to be found, it must come out of the common homeland itself. If the Canadian people are to find their soul, they must seek for it, not in the English language or the French, but in the little ports of the Atlantic provinces, in the flaming autumn maples of the St. Lawrence valley, in the portages and lakes of the Canadian Shield, in the sunsets and relentless cold of the prairies, in the foothill, mountain and sea of the west, and in the unconquerable vastnesses of the north. From the land, Canada, must come the soul of Canada."

A National Library

Blodwen Davies

► UNITY WITHIN a nation increases with the number and variety of citizens' services and enterprises that are organized and used nationally. The integration of national consciousness is a spiritual thing, and unity in Canada depends more than we realize upon our cultural resources. We still lack many of the essential national services which would help us to become aware of ourselves. One of these is a national library.

We have depended far too much upon other countries to provide the cultural services we should provide for ourselves. Where we have ventured into essential cultural services we have achieved important unifying results. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and the National Film Board would be cheap at twice the price in view of the enlightening, maturing, and unifying effect they have had on Canadian life. They have helped us to share emotionally and intellectually the problems and achievements of our times and are making us aware of each other as neighbors from coast to coast. At the same time we become aware of the inequalities of opportunity and the dangers they create. The arts of the ear and the arts of the eye, as embodied in these two national services, are convincing proof that cultural ways and means are far more effective than taxes and tariffs and political expediencies in achieving a unity of national consciousness.

In the light of these things it seems strange that even yet the matter of a national library remains speculative. The inequality of library service in Canada not only parallels the discrepancies in economic well-being in the provinces, but it hampers the development of democratic life. In these days when the primary factor in good citizenship is the enlightenment of the elector, the need for free public library service comes sharply into focus. Self-help on the part of the voter is our chief protection against political authoritarianism, and the library becomes the citadel of democracy. Yet 95 per cent of our rural people have no library service, though they constitute half of our population. Our library

services need more than any other one thing the leadership and co-ordinating spirit of a national library.

Efficient library service could be provided for every part of the Dominion at the cost of about a dollar per capita. A national library would not only coordinate library goals but would tend to effect a vast economy in library services everywhere, both in the local expenditure of funds on book purchases and in the time and services in library personnel throughout the country. The leadership in co-operation provided by a national library would raise the standard of library life throughout the Dominion.

When countries such Guatemala and Siam, Cuba and Ethiopa have national libraries, and realize their unifying effects, it is hard to understand why Canadian governments, one after the other, for more than fifty years have ignored or neglected pleas for a national library. As far back as 1884 Sir John A. MacDonald declared that "Canada really ought to have a National Library."

It was only in January of 1947 that a nationally organized citizens' enterprise carried a forceful demand for a national library, on behalf of hundreds of thousands of Canadians, right to the doorstep of the Secretary of State. All the Canadian library associations, were, of course, represented, and it was the newly-organized Canadian Library Association which spearheaded the march on Ottawa. It was strongly re-enforced by such scholarly groups as the Royal Society of Canada, the Canadian Historical Association, the Canadian Political Science Association, and the Social Science Research Council. Other associations such as the Canadian Federation of University Women, who had independently promoted statements urging upon the government action in this field, were recruited also. Moreover, both the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Trades and Labor Council, expressed themselves forcibly in demand for a national library.

The Secretary of State could not fail to be favorably impressed by the efficiency and moderation expressed in the brief outlining plans for a national library. The brief did not ask for a great building and an elaborate staff. It offered instead a proposal for a library commission responsible to the cabinet, which would be endowed with a small grant to be used in research. Certainly not more than $25,000 would be required—just about half of the Governor General's salary—to cover the preliminary work. The commission or board, or whatever it might be called, would appoint a library expert to survey the field in Canada and to examine national libraries abroad. So far we have used the Library of Congress in lieu of a national library. It is the finest national library and research centre in the world, both in respect to collections and services. However, we cannot model our national library upon the Library of Congress for obvious reasons. There are other modern libraries which come nearer to our hopes and plans. Australia has recently built a national library at Canberra, and South Africa also has its own institution. Their experiences could be useful to us. Of all the national libraries probably that of Switzerland would prove to be of most practical help in planning our own. Switzerland has a small population and a decentralized government and is not only a bilingual country, but a trilingual one. The library is fifty years old but in the 'thirties it moved into its new, permanent home, one of the finest and most functional national library buildings in the world. It would be an excellent economy on the part of our federal government to pay considerable attention to Swiss experience.

The brief presented to the Secretary of State not only recommended the farsighted policy of investigation and research by experts, but it stressed the wisdom of creating the primary functions of a national library long before planning a library building. The first essential of a national library of Canada would be a union catalogue. This would be inaugurated as soon as parliament decides to create the library. An office and a suitably-trained staff could begin work at once. The collections of all libraries in Canada would go into the union catalogue, public, university, government, institutional and other types of libraries. A great deal of library money is now expended on the duplication of rare and expensive books, many of which, though essential, are infrequently used. A union catalogue would eliminate much of this duplication and an inter-library loan service would make these special books available to a much greater constituency. Another result of the union catalogue could be a co-operative plan, headed up by the national library, so that even small libraries could become responsible for special collections and so greatly extend the area of library service in Canada. Great gaps in our collections could then be filled in.

Dr. Brebner pointed out in his *Scholarship in Canada* that unco-ordinated library services were proving costly to us. "Once Canada had a great and obviously progressive national library," he wrote, "there might be a beginning of great gifts to it instead of the present practice of letting second-hand book-dealers take over fine private libraries and siphon off the rare and desirable items to eager American buyers. There might also be an end to Canada's dependence on foreign libraries. Too often in the past when Canada has needed to present her case in international negotiations, the research staff has had to assemble an embarrassingly large part of its evidence from repositories in France, Great Britain, and the United States. This was not only expensive and precarious at the time, but may well have had expensive consequences." Side by side with a union catalogue the national library could produce a Canadian bibliography which would help to avert the kind of situation to which Dr. Brebner refers.

Anywhere from 250,000 to 350,000 books would be available immediately as a nucleus for the library from the Library of Parliament. The poor old chapter house on Parliament Hill, which turned out to be only one third the size it was intended to be when it was built in the 1870s, has long been splitting at the seams. It is the largest library in Canada in point of numbers of books, totalling about 550,000. There are another 750,000 books in government departmental libraries in Ottawa alone, some of them very important collections, such as that of the Department of Agriculture and the National Research Council. While these would not be physically incorporated into a national library, their resources would be made more generally available through the catalogue and would greatly enrich the resources of Canadian writers.

With a union catalogue and an inter-library loan service inaugurated, the national library would then be in a position to outline its plans for the future, to estimate the space it would need for its collections and for expansion in the centuries ahead, for the national library must be planned for some hundreds of years of service. Each year we discover tragic losses in our national records, as it is no one's responsibility to perform the function of a national library, which is to build up the most comprehensive library in the world on its own country and to organize the records of the whole life of the nation. Today we can by the use of microfilming reduce a year's issue of a metropolitan daily to a roll of film the size of a typewriter ribbon. What we fail to record from now on will be due only to our folly and indifference.

The organized demand for a national library has come up from the grass roots. Its supporters represent a very considerable body of intelligent electors.

Toronto Folk Festival

Margaret R. Gould

► IN 1933 MRS. JOHN T. McCAY organized her first folk festival in Vancouver, a venture successful then and for six succeeding years. After the war Mrs. McCay felt that a similar festival would be of value and enjoyment to other cities, and began to make contacts in Toronto. She found certain groups were timid of appearing and had to be encouraged, while others, such as the Hungarian and Polish, volunteered time for each program; for a variety of reasons, still others never did appear, notably Irish, Russian and German, the latter for lack of a sponsor.

When the Toronto Festival opened June 9 it fully justified the amount of work put into it. The exhibits representative of forty-two different countries were arranged in the Grange galleries in no particular order: that is, no geographical, cultural or political affiliations determined what displays should share the same room, since any such order would be contrary to the actual facts of living in Canada, where the various peoples exist independent of old-country considerations. Actually, this seeming haphazardness gave a greater feeling of unity than any formal arrangement could, since the mind eventually, by sheer bulk of exhibit and resultant forced agility, began to perceive a similarity between different cultures and to watch for manifestations of the same original feelings. Thus it was interesting to note correspondences in embroidery motifs, to see how various silversmiths manipulated their themes to fit the same metal: how all crafts in fact can be both personal and universal at the same time.

Six programs were given daily in the Sculpture Court, four in the daytime for school children and two in the evening open to the public. Six hundred and seventy children came in each of the four groups, and in the course of an evening an average of fifteen hundred visited the galleries and watched the performances. On the final night of the festival—Saturday—Varsity Arena also received a capacity crowd. Certainly the popularity of such a display and entertainment could not be doubted.

On the whole it was a most successful undertaking. In the actual exhibits there was sufficient variety to prevent monotony, even among the masses of petit-point. A centre of interest appeared to be the Maltese lace-maker, who tossed her bobbins with unbelievable speed and accuracy. The other display which drew a large crowd was the Japanese, where, when I saw it, two women were bending and twisting young willow branches into the semblance of a curving wave. Like the lace-maker, they seemed completely oblivious of their surroundings, and worked with an intensive gravity.

While each exhibit showed something worth mentioning, my own particular memories are of the Moravian costumes, with their judicious and most appealing combination of black and bright colors: a brooch on one of a silver lion rampant and shaggy, about two inches high: the Dutch batik, with toothy creatures distorted across a panel: and the Lithuanian playing cards, with unexpected and to an English mind quite irrelevant heads on the court cards. As for the embroidery, the solid conventional designs seemed better than the naturalistic shapes which were apt to suggest Victorian respectability rather than the designed inevitability of the traditional forms.

Numbers of performers strolled about looking at the exhibits and blazoning the rooms with unusual color. Thus one could meet in a short space a Greek Evzone, a Chinese, a Ukrainian, and an Empire Loyalist, and feel no particular incongruity: and while the sounds in the Tower of Babel may have been distracting, they were certainly harmonious. To be sure it did startle one to hear the Greek observe to his nationally-clad companions, "Come on, girls, we've seen everything here," in the flat tones usually associated with the middle west: but this no doubt is a sign of the mixing of cultures, and should be appreciated as such.

Certainly there can be no doubt that the costumes of other countries, the result of personal work and thought, as well as traditional meaning, are more impressive than our own. A dress, the flax for which has been grown, spun, woven, and embroidered by the owner, assuredly has more value from any point of view than one which has been snatched from a rack in a department store. The past and the present and the future are in it, and it is a permanent and significant possession, not something to be discarded next fall.

The programs were well-planned, balanced, and effective. The initial impression from most of the choirs was their intense joy—it was more than pleasure—in their songs. Everybody suddenly burst out singing: and it was a clear flood of harmony that was a delight to drown in. The individual singers, however good, naturally could not give this aggregate of delight, for the groups sang simply with their lives as well as their throats. The singers in the main wore national costumes, which were pleasant to observe: however beautiful a dress in a display it cannot be really seen until it is worn by someone who feels at home in it. The colors were vivid and varied, and as different as the people: the dominating reds and greens of Finland; the long moss-green cloak, white dress and head-piece of the Iceland soloist—like the Snow Queen; the Welsh women (who made someone nearby exclaim in a delighted voice, "Of course! Mother Goose!" and one's childhood suddenly took voice and sang the soft Welsh airs).

The choice of songs too was interesting. In many cases of course the British-origin part of the audience could not tell whether the selections were best, though by their effect one would judge them chosen wisely: but in the more unusual sections the programs were interesting to note. Thus, the Jewish Choir sang the same song as the Negro choir had several nights earlier, and then sang an authentic Eskimo chant. On the whole too one was able to feel less for a group as a separate unit if one already was familiar with its music: that is, the Ash Grove does not now suggest Wales, or the commoner gypsy airs Hungary: they have become indigenous to us, and as such are not nationally representative in the same way a Danish piece would be. Perhaps it is to be hoped that all the best music will eventually become thus universal and not particular.

The dances too were exuberant and vital. The Central European in particular had a rhythm and harmony, linked with a solid basis in agricultural fact, which made clear why they had lasted in spite of time and emigration. They were most interesting when stylized: like cross-stitch geometric patterns, they were controlled in form yet flexible in possibilities, so that they both hypnotized and delighted. The shadows on the stretches of wall behind the stage were incredible and unending fantasies: in such as the Lithuanian Mill Dance or the Finnish Shuttle Dance they stretched, shrank, and flared again in a pattern of their own, a silent echo of reality. Then the shifting, weaving design would stop, as another group or individual came in, and the wall would be occupied only perhaps by the Kali-like gyrations of a Mexican dancer.

The purpose of this festival, according to Mrs. McCay, was to introduce the different groups in a community to each other, not in the dual roles of performers and entertained, with a great social split between, but as "Canadian citizens of a country which has a brilliant, and distinctly North American, future." To her they are not so much

representatives of varying cultures and interests as "just people" whom she likes to know and work with: and it is as such that she has presented them.

This attitude of course drew complaints that the festival was not so much folk as folks; and certainly the atmosphere at times was closer to a small-town concert than a genuine expression of innate folk feeling. It is, of course, difficult to put together a large group of people of different background and cultures and hope to produce a balanced program with really typical contributions from each. In planning a good evening's entertainment the organizer cannot avoid a certain synthetic quality, which adds, if anything, to general enjoyment, but which detracts from the salient national characteristics of an art form. From the point of view of a single Canadian nation this is no doubt desirable, but if one is trying to reproduce a European atmosphere, it is not. One felt this most strongly in watching the different age groups participating: the older ones, the immigrants, seemed to enjoy themselves in a way quite different from the young people, who had learned the dances in their spare time rather than experiencing them as an integral part of existence.

The motto of this festival has been, "We are weaving a garment of comfort and dignity, worthily wrapping the people therein." Unfortunately we in Canada have not the necessary background to appreciate transported arts. You cannot weave by laying strips on top of each other: they must intermingle: and the Canadian coat of many colors will undoubtedly emerge in the future from its present kaleidoscopic glitter to present, through use, a more uniform hue. But the Folk Festival as an expression of something passing has been of great interest and of considerable value historically, socially and ethnically.

Women

Where women walk, the corridors resound
With curt clacking echoes. No cat purrs
On cold hearth, no god sings. Creation stirs
The sullen womb with soundings icebound,
For woman's meaning is sunk deep in night
And is not heard. The vital power of men
Rings from the iron lever, is denizen
Of steel, while women envy, and live tight.

Outside the door, the sun turns gently down;
The thrush's eggs are warm and fragile fair,
And butterflies are born to the soft air.
Inside, women regard cold mirrors, frown,
Walk corridors, wash cups, grow hard and gay,
And throw old letters and eggshells away.

Violet Anderson.

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Predestination and the Choir Leader

Elizabeth Hay

► CERTAIN PEOPLE seem to belong together. They look alike. Their legs and arms, features and joints seem to have been assembled on the same pattern, to have been put together the same way. That was how it was with Mr. Harland and Anne Timms. Mr. Harland may not have admitted it and certainly not Mrs. Harland and not even poor little Anne Timms, if she were conscious of anything; but the town knew it. The town saw it and enjoyed it. The town recognized it and whispered about it, and the more they considered it the more obvious it seemed. Anne Timms and Mr. Harland were meant for one another.

There was a peculiar muddiness and vitality to this drab pair. Separate, they were nonentities. Together, they meant something. Together, they made a pattern. There was a kind of glow between them. And it was this glow, this good feeling, that made their singing together so good. Anne Timms soprano, Mr. Harland tenor. It was a trial to listen to either of them take a solo part; it was good to hear them sing together.

Yet because people are contrary they often refuse to love or to recognize that one who obviously is suited to them. Not liking themselves, how can they like the person most suited to them? That is one of the things that makes the reactions of two such people quite unpredictable, and lends such interest and suspense to the subject. Particularly when they are obscure and cautious people, like the two here involved.

Harland, the middle-aged United-Church choir leader, had a long monkey-like face and weasel-like eyes and nondescript brownish hair. His voice was a sweetish tenor, and he rolled his eyes heavenward when he sang. His wife, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, to whom he owed his financial security, was a square-built woman with round glassy eyes and a little pursed mouth in a large pudding of a face—a big, stolid, silent woman, who looked fully a decade older than her slim, volatile, vocal spouse.

Anne Timms, who sang in the choir, was a ripe, full-blooming girl with tanned complexion and lank mousey hair. She also had a monkey-like roundness of mouth and lower jaw, and small restless brown eyes. Her voice made one uneasy when she sang alone for it was wavery and uneven. But when she sang with Mr. Harland it was full and rich in the right places.

They sang duets together. Not only in Medland, on Sunday mornings in the choir, but also at fowl suppers, Boy-Scout picnics, and school concerts in outlying districts. They were greatly in demand. In Mr. Harland's car they drove to all the neighboring rural churches, singing at special Sunday-evening services. At night they drove home alone together over dark prairie trails. Mrs. Harland, who was in poor health, never accompanied her husband on these nocturnal expeditions.

Anne and Mr. Harland were stiff and self-conscious in one another's presence. They did not even appear to be on friendly terms. He criticized her sharply when she made mistakes, and the shy girl would blush to the roots of her hair.

Yet when other members of the choir accompanied them to sing choral numbers at some rural church it was always Anne who drove home alone with Mr. Harland in his little Ford coupe. Anne's mother let it be known that it was the jealousy of the older choir women that had caused all the talk.

All summer long, Mr. Harland and Anne Timms sang together. Medland had not known such a musical season for many years. What happened on those lonely car rides no one ever knew.

The facts are few. First there were rumors. Anne and Mr. Harland were "carrying on." The congregation showed greater fidelity in attending morning service, once the rumors had spread. They would nudge one another when Anne and Mr. Harland rose solemnly in their places, shifting past the knees of the choir to stand together in front, to sing a duet. This was the signal for whispered, monosyllabic comment, hymn-books held tightly over side-twisted mouths. Their singing was in great demand.

Everyone was disappointed when the affair came to nothing. Harland's rich wife did not cut his allowance; the pair were not discovered and denounced by an indignant choir; Medland congregation was not forced to cast about for a new choir-leader. There was no scandal whatever. But one day in late September, Anne Timms announced she was leaving for the city. She said good-bye politely to her fellow choir-members, and shook hands with Mr. Harland in the presence of the others. She was quiet and self-possessed.

Then, late in February of the following year, the high-school janitor found a newborn baby on the school steps. A male child, warmly clad, wrapped in a shawl and laid in a big cardboard box, greeted the old caretaker with a thin wail as he came up the walk one windy Monday morning. It was snowing lightly, but the snow had not yet filled in large footprints on the path coming from the opposite direction, leading from the main road.

Why would anyone leave a baby on the high-school steps? Whose child was it? Everyone in Medland wondered. Was it the principal's offspring? Or the science teacher's? Both were young men, one happily married, the other a misogynist. Not likely. One by one the townspeople considered all the possibilities, not even excepting the members of the school board, not one of whom was under sixty.

Then a few wry smiles appeared, whispers and laughter. The high school was diagonally across the main road from the Harland house. Gossip said that Anne Timms, returning in the night, had left the baby on the Harland steps, but that Mr. Harland had slipped across in the early dawn and had left it at the high-school door.

"Just like a trick he'd do," the townspeople nodded. And they regarded him with new interest. Henry Harland was a sly old fox, turning the tables so neatly on the high-school principal and the board. He was nobody's fool, was Henry.

Poor Harland! Poor Anne! No one really knows if there was anything between them, ever. Medland only knew what might have been. Because certain people seem to belong together.

Sea-Night

He stood on a dune, and watched night come in pools;
It gathered in hollows, and rose like a tide that cools
Pebbles upon the deepening shore of the sea;

And the grasses became long sea-grasses that sway
To and fro on the shore of the day
And it shrinks back; and the blue sea-water night
Came surging, surging, and the sands that were white
Were darkened, and stirred, and lapped over his warm feet . . .

There is no line where sea and heaven meet,
But only silicon stars heaped trembling high,
And all is at one with sky.

Phyllis Bloom.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► MOST IMPORTANT RELEASE of the month is Victor's recording of Mozart's *Symphony No. 41 in C major ("Jupiter")*, performed by Toscanini with the NBC symphony orchestra. The work itself has a certain weightiness in addition to its lithe grace, and the severely formalized opening is only one indication of a more spacious design than usual. Toscanini manages to convey a sufficient impression of breadth without losing the spring and flexibility which are equally important to this symphony. The poignance of the spacious and conventional second movement and the humor of the trio in the third have never impressed me so strongly as in this performance. The last movement has been praised as a miraculous piece of counterpoint, which it is not (any student could write in five parts with the ridiculous little themes which Mozart chooses and which are capable of combining with anything); less notice has been taken of the sheer "rush" and movement, which carries the listener along with it and is partly caused by imposing sonata form on an alien group of themes. Toscanini is able to put across with great effectiveness the shifting and cumulative movement of these fragmentary themes which are being fitted into two opposed disciplines simultaneously.

Victor has also released a complete recording of Manuel de Falla's ballet *El Amor Brujo*, performed by Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl orchestra, with Nan Merriman mezzo-soprano. It is not, I suppose, a work anyone would wish to hear very often, but it is delightfully inventive and even, in the section *El Circulo magico*, quite lovely. Stokowski's performance is excellent, it seems to me, and, although I find the vocal sections on the whole less interesting than the rest, Miss Merriman sings them effectively. Not to be recommended, however, is a recording by Stokowski and the same orchestra of *Forest Murmurs*, a concert extract from the second act of Wagner's *Siegfried*. This act contains some delightful music which loses greatly, both in charm and coherence, by being divorced from its context. For example, at the beginning of the extract we hear the forest murmurs starting in the lower strings and gradually moving up to the higher. These murmurs are then accompanied by a theme which, in the first act of *Die Walkure*, was associated with Sieglinde, Siegfried's mother. Then the concert version jumps a dozen or so bars and we hear the theme which has already in *Siegfried* been associated with love as part of the natural cycle of attraction and generation, a process common to Siegfried and the birds and the animals, and, indeed, animate things in general, a process of which Siegfried is as yet only vaguely conscious. Neither of these themes recurs in the concert extract. What possible significance can this passage have for the listener? The Sieglinde theme is quite nondescript viewed in isolation, and the love theme, while it is full of glowing, romantic feeling in the opera, owes much of its effectiveness at this point to the listener's remembrance of the first act, where the theme occurs as Siegfried meditates on the mating of birds and animals in the woods and wonders what love really is and who his own mother can possibly have been. The connection between the two themes, therefore, is clear enough if one has already heard the first act and realizes that, as the forest murmurs, Siegfried is dreaming of his unknown mother, who died giving birth to him, and is thinking how beautiful she must have been. As a piece of concert music, however, the passage is absurd. Equally absurd is the way that, after having gone through all the bird-calls

of which Wagner makes such excellent use, the extract jumps about thirty-five pages (in the Schirmer vocal score) and plays the concluding pages of the act. This passage happens to be one of the most charming passages in all Wagner, but it fails of any adequate effect in these conditions. The performance is as formless as the music itself.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: As a native of Jamaica and an observer of trends in the West Indies I have every sympathy with Mr. Sabzali Shazaman's point of view in his article *Workers in Trinidad* in your May issue. I consider that he has described conditions most accurately, if I may be permitted to judge by my own island. In fact, Trinidad seems to be in an even more pitiable plight, for under Jamaica's new constitution a fully representative and semi-responsible assembly is elected by universal adult franchise. In the first election under this constitution the party representing the monied interests did not return a single member.

However, I perceive one statement which may be inaccurate. After mentioning the proposed establishment of a West Indian University, Mr. Shazaman states: "The most interesting proposal put forward, and with all due solemnity moreover, was that in order to maintain the economic status quo among the natives, white teachers should receive more than native ones for the same positions on the staff."

It seems most improbable that such was the proposal of either the commission or the Colonial Office. I am not aware that the Colonial Office attempts any discrimination of this sort; I *am* aware that racial discrimination starts among the islanders themselves. As I understood this proposal, those who had made their homes in the colony concerned, or who had been born there, and so had homes there, would get the same basic salary as foreigners brought from abroad; but that the latter, as long as they were supporting another household in their place of origin, and had to bear the brunt of travelling expenses, would be given compensatory grants.

I shall be very glad if Mr. Shazaman will reexamine his sources; if he is correct, I shall be pleased to admit it. It is very difficult, in the course of the struggle which the lovers of freedom fight all over the world, to carry on the fight and present accurate information *always;* if this is an inaccuracy, it should be corrected.

Graham Cotter, Trinity College, Toronto.

The Editor: Your editorial "A Peloponnesian War?" somewhat loftily dismisses Mr. Drew's references to ancient history on the ground that "the states of ancient Greece were entirely sovereign and had no political connection with each other whatsoever." Whatever Mr. Drew's knowledge of Greek history, he seems to have heard of the Delian League, and may have heard of the Ionian League, the Peloponnesian League, the Achaean League, the Aetolian League, the Boeotian Federation, and the Thessalian Federation. I know his remarks only from your reference, but a new textbook may not be necessary for Roman history either, unless the existing histories are entirely wrong about the Latin League.

L. A. MacKay, Vancouver, B.C.

(Without entering into a learned controversy about Greece and Rome, the point of our reference—and Professor MacKay admits he had not seen Mr. Drew's speech—was that the principal ancient leagues were federations of politically independent states for specific purposes. Surely the parallel is rather with the UN or the League of Nations than with Canada or the U.S., which are federations of a vitally different character, not of national states.—*Ed.*)

The Editor: In reply to Mr. Harrington, I certainly intended to make clear that to me, as a regular reader, the *Toronto Star* seems far from "fellow traveller." At a meeting here recently the *Star* was attacked for not having had a Moscow correspondent, although the attacker alleged that one of its top reporters had held a visa for entry to the Soviet Union during most of the war. (On the obverse, I am reliably informed that another of its top reporters was refused entry there as a correspondent.)

I have several times heard the *Star* berated by Communists for being too right-wing (for example, in not reporting Tim Buck's May Day speech in Toronto, while giving the CCF's Mr. Douglas a good story—hardly friendly treatment from a "fellow traveller"). As long as the *Star* continues to be damned by extremists on both sides of the left-of-centre, I think it will be hewing a pretty straight and honest line.

Paul A. Gardner, Ottawa, Ont.

The Editor: Regarding the article in your June issue on the Hutterites: I have heard the problem discussed in a Trustees' Convention in Alberta by very responsible people who had struggled in southern Alberta to get anything approaching co-operation regarding education. Instead they (the Hutterites) do everything possible to oppose, nullify and evade education and other responsibilities. Democracy means facing up to the problems of getting along together. Alberta School Trustees' Association [739 Tegler Bldg., Edmonton, Alta.] would furnish information on the subject.

Jennie Elliott, Calgary, Alta.

The Weaver

Working, working, with the wheels revolving,
The spindles spinning and the shuttles shuttling,
He remembers the mill before the speed-up came,
How the spindles had spun at an even tempo
And the shuttles had done the same.
When the speed-up came, weaving endlessly,
The mill hand flecked his dry lips
With a thirsty tongue; he worked in rivers of sweat,
Between smile and fret, a mere jumping jack
In the mad song of the speeding spindles, shuttles.
He felt the other mill hands around; he heard them
And smelled their bodies that stunk of sweat;
He perceived the wheels turning
And he flowed into the rhythm
Of the spinning spindles, of the shuttling shuttles,
Turning faster,
Faster, faster,
And still faster.
He heard somebody sobbing in his ear, the wheels
Turning around madly in his tired brain; he worked
Until he could no longer work, and he suffered
Until he no longer felt ecstasy of life.
His eyes blurred in the bobbin world,
Moved from face to face,
And his throat was raw with lint dust
As he listened to a man ask
Why mill hands never have enough
Of a world they make, and why mill owners
Have more than enough of the best
That they are taking
From a world they have no hand in making?
And he felt like cussing a blue streak,
But, instead, pressed his parched lips between his front teeth,
Knowing the need of all this spinning, turning and whirling.
Always in his dreams the looms pressed into his brain;
He strained forward, and his dry mouth opened.
"Shrouds!" he muttered. "We are weaving shrouds!"

Clem Graham.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► IN RECENT YEARS the poetry of William Blake has received a considerable amount of scholarly attention, but Professor Northrop Frye's book*, *Fearful Symmetry*, will stand out as an important contribution to the understanding of the poet. Believing that poetry has a dignity far beyond mere relaxation with a cigar, and pleading that Blake be given the concentrated intellectual effort required in any first-class pursuit of the human mind, Prof. Frye has tackled the most difficult problem of all: the exposition of Blake's esoteric and complicated symbolism. To this task he has brought wide learning and a spirited style, which characteristics will attract both the expert and the casual reader of Blake.

Brushing aside the facile objection that Blake was merely an unbalanced visionary or an inspired artist who also wrote queer poetry, Prof. Frye plunges into the assessment of Blake's intellectual system. The book proceeds to demonstrate the nature of the Blakean revolt against Locke's rationalistic account of the human mind, and gives a vivid explanation of Blake's concept of the imagination, his theory of vision. Then, after discussing the nature of Blake's political radicalism and the reasons for his departure from traditional verse forms, the author analyses the use of myth and symbol in Blake, with brilliant results. What is particularly remarkable about the critique at large is the synthesis which Prof. Frye achieves: the whole Blake canon from the early lyrics and aphoristic poems to the later prophecies, is seen to be a consistent structure, held together by the theory of vision and the symbolic system.

Blake's doctrine of the supremacy of the imagination is historically interesting in the fact that it came so early in the anti-rationalist revolt, but I think that something less than justice is done to the view of the imagination held by other romantic poets, particularly Keats. Blake, was, of course, isolated and neglected, and far too little credit was given for a long time to his withering attack on the Augustan mentality. Prof. Frye has attempted to accord Blake the praise he deserves; perhaps in doing so he has permitted himself also to underestimate the Augustan poets. But these are minor objections to a chapter, "Tradition and Experiment," which is stimulating and perceptive.

The doctrine of the imagination is the basis of Blake's prophecy, and Blake was primarily a prophet—a rather doctrinaire one at that. The whole difficulty with his philosophy is that his entire metaphysic is dependent on a theory of vision. Acceptance of that theory is essential to acceptance of his philosophy of life. Moreover, the doctrine is frighteningly exclusive: it denies validity to any other approach to the problem of existence. This uncompromising definiteness gives force and pungency to the volleys fired off by Blake from his impregnable intellectual fortress, but puts limits on his being taken as seriously as he certainly intended to be taken.

But in creating an individual symbolic mythology, which has been the despair of countless readers, Blake was being something more than a doctrinaire. It was not only the fact that he was a rebel; it was not only the fact that traditional myth had been worn out; a message of unique significance would be obscured or neutralized if it were expressed in terms of classical myth. Irrelevant and confusing associations would blot out his special vision. Accordingly a whole new pantheon was provided—unfortunately without a key. Prof. Frye has attempted to unravel the meaning, and has made what is to date the most lucid interpretation of Blake's mythological puzzle. To do this he has drawn on a tremendous knowledge of myth, ritual, theology and poetic symbolism. But in discovering a key, Prof. Frye has made the astonishing discovery that Blake, a limited but intense reader, had grasped the imaginative significance of recurrent symbols in all of the world's great prophetic literature. Uncannily, or because of a curious contact with the unconscious mind, Blake used instinctively what Prof. Frye calls the "archetypal symbolism" of all poetry. And he speculates upon the enormous significance that this may have for the understanding of poetry: "all symbolism in all art and all religion is mutually intelligible among all men . . . there is such a thing as iconography of the imagination." Such a suggestion leads to the further possibility that "a study of comparative religion, a morphology of myths, rituals and theologies, will lead us to a single visionary conception which the mind of man is trying to express." This is not asserted idly, for Prof. Frye documents his case with analogies drawn from a very wide knowledge of myth, ritual and poetry. Such a doctrine is, of course, in tune with much modern religious and psychological investigation, though it is too early to assess its validity.

One trap for the poet does, however, seem possible, and is illustrated in Blake himself: having intuited such a symbolic system, it became for him a kind of poetic shorthand. The Blakean myth (granted the poet's doctrinaire propensities) began to expand and proliferate to the point where prophetic message superseded poetic expression. Prof. Frye admits this: "by the time he wrote *Jerusalem* Blake was so accustomed to thinking in terms of his symbols that the latter lost much of their immediacy." Whatever the final value of the prophecies may be, the poetic performance of the later works is inferior, and neglect of them by the ordinary reader is not entirely due to their bewildering difficulty, but to their sheer lack of attractiveness. There is far from complete fusion of thought and expression, and the maintenance of any kind of sustained flight in a long poem becomes almost impossible for Blake because he is so dominated by his prophetic apparatus.

But this is a stricture laid on the poet, not on his critic, although one might have wished for a concluding section containing some final esthetic assessment of the prophecies themselves. But comprehension of the prophecies certainly must come first. This Prof. Frye in his commentary has helped us toward, and all future readers will be indebted to him for unravelling the baffling symbolism and prophetic message of one of England's most original poets.

JOHN GARRETT.

*FEARFUL SYMMETRY: A Study of William Blake; Northrop Frye; S. J. Reginald Saunders. (Princeton); pp. 462; $6.00.

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BOOKS REVIEWED

Menace or Promise?

RUSSIA, MENACE OR PROMISE?: Vera Micheles Dean; Oxford (Holt); pp. 156; $2.50.

PATTERN FOR WORLD REVOLUTION: Ypsilon; Ambassador (Ziff Davis); pp. 479; $4.50.

Miss Dean's is an excellent short book for the general reader, a sensible introduction to the problem of Russia today. It should help to spread very necessary knowledge about the aims, problems and methods of the Soviet Union. The author makes no attempt to hide the differences between its theories and its practices, though she deals with them sympathetically. Her aim is to understand rather than to condemn. The discussion is pleasantly illustrated by maps and diagrams, while an appendix contains the text of the 1936 Soviet constitution and the first part, on general aims and objectives, of the new five-year plan.

The main text is arranged as answers to a number of questions such as the ethnic composition of the Russian people, its economic aims and achievements, freedom, property, the machinery of government, past and present aims at home and in foreign policy. The general attitude seems sane and reasonable, though inevitably a book of this kind is somewhat optimistic, since it deals with hopes rather than expectations, with what should be done rather than how it can be achieved. On the other hand, obstacles and difficulties are frankly stated, and, within the limits set, there is a good deal of information.

One of the possibilities envisaged by Miss Dean is that the Communist parties in various countries will come to reflect traditional national, and differing, attitudes on matters of foreign policy, and will no longer redound to the benefit of Russia. There is little sign of this today, and it is in relation to this question that *Pattern For Revolution* is especially significant. It does not give much hope that complete subjection to Moscow is likely to cease.

Pattern for Revolution is, in fact, a history of the relations between the Soviets and Communist parties abroad, both before and since the abolition of the Comintern in 1943. The story is, however, told largely in terms of personalities and subjective valuation of events. In reading it, one should know who is speaking, and it is a pity that the authors—Ypsilon being a double pseudonym—prefer to remain anonymous "for obvious reasons." As they are living in the United States, the reasons should be stated, and, to judge from the experiences here told, one doubts that anonymity can be preserved where it matters most. In any case, it detracts from the value of the book, and the reader's discomfort is not decreased by learning that the extracts from the diaries of X and Y were not originally written in that form.

Those extracts, in the main, give the early story. A German and a Frenchman, attached to the foreign secretariat of the Comintern, tell the now familiar tale of gradual disillusionment as international solidarity gives way to totalitarian dictation. We get intimate and revealing pictures of many important Communists in Russia and abroad, their exploits, failures and gradual deterioration. These, and activities in Spain, France, Germany, China and elsewhere also take us through the second part of the book.

Russia's needs and Russia's policies gradually eliminate any consideration of policy in other countries as such, and the authors' thesis is that all semblance of an international outlook had already disappeared by 1943. In their opinion, the abolition of the Comintern has only made Russian domination over other Communist parties easier and more secure, the Comintern being replaced by a sort of Stalinite order—the Stalintern as they call it—held together by no common policy or philosophy, but only by unquestioning obedience. Against this background there are many vivid incidents and discussions that reinforce the general thesis. The whole is interesting indeed, but its value depends largely upon the identity of the authors. *G. M. A. Grube.*

Is There a Yogi in the House?

APPEAL TO THE NATIONS: Norman Thomas; Oxford, pp. 175; $3.50.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WORLD: James Burnham; Longmans, Green and Co.; pp. 248; $3.50.

Norman Thomas and James Burnham make approximately the same analysis of the present world situation. They agree that the atom bomb makes likely the early total annihilation of human life, that World Government while desirable and technically feasible is politically impossible, that the United Nations organization is inadequate to keep the peace, and that World Problem Number One is the problem of relations between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

There agreement ends. Norman Thomas's solution for the world's perils can be summed up in two phrases: universal disarmament and the liquidation of imperialism. His *Appeal to the Nations* is to disarm *now*. This, of course, is fantastically utopian; for even the socialist and labor parties the world over are hurrying to vote for military conscription and to spend billions for suicidal armaments.

Mr. Burnham's solution is tough, clear, and forthright: we must knock the hell out of the Russians before the Russians knock the hell out of us. The Third World War has already begun, he says; the struggle between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. for World Empire proceeds apace; in the struggle both of the antagonists may be destroyed and one of them must be. There is no politics but power politics, and such talk as that of Norman Thomas is the "abstract, empty, sentimental rhetoric of democratic idealism."

Mr. Burnham really has the wind up about communism. He sees a communist hiding under every bed and lurking in every dark corner. The Stalinists are out to dominate the world; therefore communism must conquer or perish. He enjoys a fine emotional binge. Everything that the "We or They" school screamed about the Germans in the late thirties is here repeated about the Russians. Query: whom will we go in for hating when we get the Russians properly pulverized?

According to Burnham there are only three courses open to the intelligent citizen: (1) he can go in for the mystical renunciation of politics and the contemplation of his navel; (2) he can fight for a Communist World Empire; (3) he can fight for a U.S. World Empire. If these are the only choices, will someone tell me where I can get one slightly used yogi, cheap? *Carlyle King.*

Canada and UN

THE UNITED NATIONS, 1946: Department of External Affairs, Ottawa; King's Printer; pp. 290; 50c.

This is the official report issued by the Department of External Affairs on the second part of the first session of the General Assembly of the UN which was held in New York Oct. 23-Dec. 15, 1946. It is one of an admirable series which the Department has been issuing in recent years on its activities abroad and with which more Canadian voters ought to be familiar. Being an official publication, it has none of the color or sensationalism with which the newspapermen are apt to dress up their reports; but it does give a continuous systematic account of what really happened in the Assembly, which is just what the reader of the newspapers

finds so hard to get from them. Also it contains the texts of the main Canadian statements and of the main resolutions passed by the Assembly.

Undoubtedly it confirms the impressions which the newspaper reader has already received of a struggle between two irreconcilable groups in the Assembly. It seems to think that some real progress was made on the subject of disarmament, since the two groups did in the end agree on a resolution; but as far as this reader can see, all that was achieved was to pass on to the Security Council the task of doing something concrete. The writer of the Report has made a very interesting analysis of the voting on ten main issues. From it there emerges the fact that the U.S.S.R. and her five satellites voted solidly on all ten occasions, except that Czechoslovakia refrained from voting twice; that the British Commonwealth states were only solid on four occasions out of ten; and that Canada, Great Britain and the United States were solid on six votes. Idealists and sentimentalists in the CCF who are so afraid of our finding ouselves lined up with the capitalist Americans against the socialist Russians should study this report and then tell us, if they can, where the Canadian delegation went wrong in voting so regularly with the American. The CCF was represented in the Canadian delegation.

There is all sorts of interesting incidental information that emerges from the Report. The Canadian delegation charged at one point that the first three quarters of the Assembly proceedings had been "a prolonged debauch of unorganized discussion." When they were almost deadlocked in the discussion of international relief, Mr. LaGuardia of UNRRA offered to accept "sight unseen" any scheme proposed by Canada. Canada's annual dues for the running of the United Nations machinery amount to slightly more than one half the sum paid by the U.S.S.R. Canada objected to the special position proposed by the Russian group for the World Federation of Trade Unions on the ground, among others, that functional representation is a fascist idea.

This report, so clearly organized and so austerely factual, enables one to understand why our Canadian delegations from the Department of External Affairs have acquired so good a reputation abroad. Unfortunately one of the results of having representatives on them from the opposition parties in parliament as well as from the government is that parliamentary discussion of the United Nations tends to become just a collection of pious sentimental platitudes. If the Canadian citizen wants to find out what the issues within the United Nations really are and what our Canadian representatives are doing about them, he must make himself familiar with these regular departmental reports.

Frank H. Underhill.

People and Dictator

THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER: H. R. Trevor Roper; Macmillan; pp. 281; $2.50.

BERLIN UNDERGROUND: Ruth Andreas-Friedrich; Oxford (Holt) pp. 312; $3.75.

Mr. Trevor Roper not only was an intelligence officer, he is a trained historian as well, and the British Intelligence Bureau should be congratulated on putting the investigation of Hitler's death and the last weeks of his life in such capable hands. From depositions, diaries and all other evidence available, Mr. Roper has extracted a clearly authenticated story that should put an end to a good many wild rumors.

He shows that German Nazism was indeed the rule of an irresponsible despot whose word was law to the end, that the inner group of Nazi leaders were a court, not a government, and the Army General Staff, decimated as it was, the only other remaining power in the state: "In 1938, at the time of the Munich crisis, the General Staff, under Halder, decided to remove the demented government; but the sudden news that Chamberlain had accepted the invitation to Munich knocked the weapons from their hands as they were preparing to strike." Hitler never trusted them, and this last opposition was drowned in a blood bath after the unsuccessful plot of June 20, 1944.

Policy-making was entirely centralized in Hitler, confusion and rivalries clogged administration, and ultimately the court itself deteriorated incredibly. Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Bormann, Speer (the only normal intelligence in that crowd), we see them all in action toward the end; with Hitler himself ever more violent and bloodthirsty until he loses all contact with reality. His last days in the bunker under the Chancellery are described in considerable detail. We see him refusing to go south where he still had forces to command, marrying Eva Braun, and giving the last orders for his death and cremation. The orders were obeyed.

A last chapter warns us not to judge Nazism entirely by the last days of madness, but rather to see in this end the inevitable consequence of irresponsible absolutism. It also raises the question of how the German people continued to endure such barbaric power. For the answer to this question we should turn to *Berlin Underground*. It is a simple and unpretentious document, human and important, that should be read by all those who so lightly condemn the whole German people. This diary of a German woman, a journalist and cultured intellectual whose whole mentality and training were opposed to Nazi brutality and nihilism, covers the period from 1938 to 1945. During this period at least there was no opposition possible except death, the concentration camp and the torture chamber. These she and the group to which she belonged risked daily in their attempts to bring food and some relief to suffering Jews in hiding. Many thousands of Germans did the same.

Theirs was not an underground in the revolutionary sense. The best they could do was little and negative enough. Yet it is very important that they, and many others, did it. There are here no flashes of open defiance but rather the agonies of sick and bruised hearts who yet did not give up their faith, and whose only hope was the defeat of their own country which they did their small best to bring about.

So they lived through six years of war and ugly repression, and bombs which they had to welcome. This simple account makes us share that experience, and it is important that we should share it if we are to understand Germany today, its weaknesses and its despair. With perhaps fitting irony, the leader of the group is killed in a British car, by an American bullet, some time after the liberation for which he had waited so long.

G. M. A. Grube.

Science and the World

SCIENCE YEAR BOOK OF 1947: edited by J. D. Ratcliff; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 247; $3.00.

The problem in writing about the physical sciences for the layman is to avoid the twin pitfalls of technicality on the one hand, and inaccuracy on the other. This is no easy task because a specialization in the sciences has gone so far that the scientist, working in some remote branch of a rare specialty, is almost cut off from the civilized world.

The men who try to bridge this gap are either trained scientists who struggle to express themselves in the unfamiliar field of journalism, or journalists who, having imbibed a smattering of science, try to tell their readers what it is all about. The annual series of Science Year Books is a collection of popular articles written by authors of the latter class. The current volume performs its function of providing the lay reader with a good bird's-eye view of the more obvious achievements of scientists in the previous

year. Articles (reprinted for the most part from the popular family-circulation magazines such as *Collier's* and the *Post*) deal with atomic energy in industry and medicine, radars and the proximity fuse, new fields of medicine, agriculture, and aviation.

But most of the articles partake of the fatal difficulty of all writing for the popular magazines. They are too short to permit adequate coverage of an intricate subject. Moreover, the necessity of holding the interest of torpid readers, tired after a busy day at the office, forces the writer to make too many compromises with the truth. It is significant that men like George Gamow, who have developed the popularization of science to a high art, do not write for the popular magazine. The folksy style and "once over lightly" method demanded is too much for them.

Apart from the superficial treatment, the great fault of this book is the lack of illustrations. Popularization is a process of selection and simplification, and to do this in a memorable fashion you need diagrams. What the omission of illustrative matter has done to the book is well demonstrated by a comparison of the article on jet propulsion with the original story as published in *Fortune*. Compared with other articles in the book the jet story is outstanding, but compared with the original *Fortune* presentation, a skillful blend of textual and graphic material, it is painfully weak.

Magazine articles are for the most part a device for luring the reader back into the advertising pages. Once they have fulfilled this function no great purpose is served by reprinting them in a book. *J. J. Brown.*

Geopacifics

OUR EVOLVING CIVILIZATION—An Introduction to Geopacifics: Griffith Taylor; University of Toronto Press, 1946; pp. xv, 370; $4.25.

The subtitle of this book suggests its purpose, which is to bring the science of geography to aid in the building of world peace. Geopacifics is "humanized geopolitics"; it is "an attempt to base the teachings of freedom and humanity upon real geographical deductions." The author agrees with Bernstein (Marx is not mentioned) that "the material basis of life, the manner in which life and its requirements are produced, determines in the last instance the social ideas and institutions of any particular historical epoch." The interplay of environment and of man's response to it is the method by which civilisation, in his opinion, has developed.

To show this interplay, Professor Taylor surveys in 305 pages practically the whole of the history of the earth's crust and of the humans living on it. Every continent and most nation states are analysed to show the relations between geographical factors and the rise of their civilizations. Naturally there must be, and is, much generalization. Some of the historical passages are too brief to be useful, and leave out too much that would also have to be considered if a final judgment were to be convincing. Sometimes the description gives no clear idea at all of the relative importance of geography as compared with other factors affecting social development; there is a mass of details without apparent relationship. Moreover geography—or its significance—changes so fast with advancing technology that it is dangerous to rely too heavily upon past experience. But in spite of these considerations the ordinary (i.e. non-technical) reader will find the book intellectually stimulating. It is stored with such a wealth of interesting facts and strange diagrams, such econographs and dynographs, that even if he does not believe that Professor Taylor has found the solution to world peace he will nevertheless be grateful for this realistic approach to world politics. *F. R. Scott.*

Saint-Henri

THE TIN FLUTE: Gabrielle Roy; McClelland and Stewart (Reynal and Hitchcock); pp. 315; $3.00.

The Tin Flute is one of the most satisfying and adult novels yet to appear in Canada. Although it was written in French and its characters are all French-Canadians, it is not a French-Canadian novel nor even a Canadian novel in any local sense. Its greatness comes from the reality of its characters and their struggle with their environment. That that environment is the slum section of a large city is important, but that the city is Montreal is almost incidental. Some critics regret that the book does not reflect the French-Canadian outlook: certainly there is little that is specifically French-Canadian, but there is much that is human and universal.

The plot itself could easily have sunk into melodrama: a girl falls in love, becomes pregnant, is deserted, and marries another man; her mother gives birth to her twelfth child on the day that her six-year-old son dies and her husband joins the army. However, as Miss Roy handles it, it becomes a moving story of the day-to-day life of a working-class family.

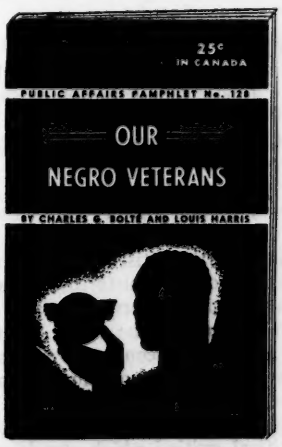
It is an agreeable surprise to find characters who are not all black or white, nor even consistently gray. Instead, their motives are mixed; their reactions vary from moment to moment; their noble and base qualities overlap. In short, they are recognizable human beings, not puppets twisted to convey a message or fit a plot. We do not admire Azarius but we sympathize with him; Rose Anna's dogged courage is the more believable because she sometimes falters.

The style is hardly as good as the matter: it is sometimes stilted and awkward, sometimes not quite in key. How much this is a result of the translation is hard to say. Occasional

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incidents, too, strike a false note, as when we are told that for the first time in her life Florentine saw her mother "in a soiled dress and with her hair unkempt." No woman with a number of children could keep herself always clean and tidy even if her housekeeping facilities were much more adequate than those of the Lacasses.

But these are minor criticisms. The book as a whole is a powerful piece of work. It is not propaganda, but its indictment of modern society is implicit and damning. Just as little Daniel's longing for a tin flute is answered only after he is taken to the hospital in the last stages of leukemia, so the simple but heartfelt cravings of Rose Anna and Azarius, of Pitou and Alphonse, are denied until the disease of war brings an unhealthy prosperity to Saint-Henri. The unending struggle against poverty and squalor, the terrible feeling of despair in the face of conditions beyond control, have rarely been made so real. Just because Miss Roy has been true to her subject matter, *The Tin Flute* strikes home with almost unbearable conviction. *Edith Fowke.*

IN DEFENSE OF REASON: Yvor Winters; McClelland and Stewart (The Swallow Press); pp. 603; $4.50.

Yvor Winters is a literary critic of intelligence and integrity. His standards are conservative and rigorous. His method is hard-headed and compelling. His work is thoroughly disliked by the romantics, the hedonists, the Freudians, and the Marxians.

The present volume is a collection of his best critical essays—"Primitivism and Decadence," "Maule's Curse," and "The Anatomy of Nonsense." Taken together these essays comprise the most impressive statement of the ethical (as distinct from the merely didactic) view of poetry which has appeared since Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism.*

Winters states flatly that "ethical interest is the only poetic interest," and that literature must be judged in terms of absolute values. As Winters seems to derive such values from the tradition of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, his work is often lumped with that of the modern Thomists. However, while he admits a kind of theism as a logical derivative from his critical and moral notions, Winters is not a Christian and bases himself on reason without faith. It is my own feeling that this narrows him in a way that a Christian Thomist like Maritain is not narrowed. In Maritain, as in St. Thomas, the esthetic and ethical orders are distinct though not separate, the experience of beauty is *unique* even if infused by intellectual and moral energies. Although he does not intend this, Winters, by blurring together the levels of art and prudence, makes of literary criticism a curious kind of pseudo-ecclesiastical exercise at which the sense of beauty merely assists.

It is also worth observing that the Thomist is more hospitable than Winters to experimental and unorthodox writers like James Joyce. Because of a more complex comprehension than Winters possesses of the levels of value and being, the Thomist presumably is not compelled to regard the conventions of art with that special veneration reserved for the fixed liturgy of the Church.

One is also disturbed by a certain rigidity in Winters' conception of the relation of the artist to society and the motion of history. He implies that the artist should and can resist the pressure and even the need of the historical moment. In reacting against the determinism of Parrington and the Marxists, Winters seems to demand of the artist the disembodied freedom of the angel! Between such extremes, surely, reality provides adequate elbow-room for the play of free-will.

But in making these distinctions I am anxious not to underestimate a body of critical writing which stands as a useful corrective to the irresponsibility of much of our "new criticism." This is an important book and it cannot safely be ignored. *Malcolm Ross.*

Enjoying Homer

THE STORY OF THE ILIAD: by E. T. Owen; Clarke, Irwin & Co., 1946; pp. 248; $2.50.

This is an excellent little book. The *Iliad* is not only a great masterpiece, but one of the world's greatest stories—a pattern for all time of the story-teller's art. Professor Owen takes the *Iliad* as we have it; doubtful accounts of unknown origins he leaves to others; his concern is to show why it is so enjoyable. "I am," he tells us, "examining the underside of the tapestry to detect by what workmanship such a lastingly impressive picture has been wrought." If great art hides itself, then Homer is surely the supreme artist, and to find out how he works is an ever-exciting quest. Professor Owen never deviates from his one purpose, and he accomplishes it better than it has been done yet to my knowledge.

There is no pandering here to those who want any synthetic substitute. The author addresses only those who read Homer and enjoy him, and he reads the *Iliad* with them, as it were. Anyone who is willing to pause and analyse his aesthetic enjoyment, and thus to enrich it, will find *The Story of the Iliad* a sensitive, revealing, extremely helpful companion. He will find not only his enjoyment but his understanding deepened as particular passages are placed in the developing-emotional pattern. The vivid freshness of Homer, his amazing ability to make the past and the future part of the present, the skilful use of suspense and delayed action, his imagery, the building of character from the action itself, all these and many other devices of the born story-teller who created immortal characters and illuminated an attitude to life that is still embedded in our own—all this we see and understand more clearly on reading Homer with a scholar who loves his author and communicates to us the results of long and deep experience with quite unusual modesty.

There is, of course, plenty of room for disagreement on details in a subjective study of great literature. That is its attraction, for we learn from each other's experience. And this study of the *Iliad* is an excellent introduction to the art of Homer, while even the most seasoned scholar will find his understanding and delight quickened. Indeed, all who read Homer, in translation as well as in the Greek, will be grateful to Professor Owen for sharing his experience.
G. M. A. Grube.

CANADIAN DEMOCRACY AND THE ECONOMIC SETTLEMENT: R. Cecil Cragg; Ryerson; pp. xliii, 262; $4.00.

This is a book about Canadian politics and economics by a strangely un-Canadian sort of fellow who seems to reach his own conclusions for himself. Some of his theoretical analysis I cannot understand, but his general argument is clear enough. He begins with an examination of the experience of our prairie farmers in co-operation, taking that as an example of the capacity of Canadians to solve their problems by communal action. He goes on to our wartime policies of price stabilization and other communal controls. Out of all this experience, he thinks, there emerges a pattern for post-war policy; and he sets forth the particular concrete things that our governments might do to keep the economy running at a high level. He is completely unimpressed by big business propaganda, and he has no use for the Progressive-Conservative party. He thinks that the CCF missed its chance by failing to grasp the potentialities of the wartime controls and by settling back into a "hackneyed socialism." In the end he concludes that the future lies with a Liberal party moving leftward in the footsteps of British labor.

"The thing now is to be British right up to the hilt, for the British people have been kind enough to do our thinking for us."

The book should be required reading by all CCF leaders. Mr. Cragg says that when he began it his sympathies were generally in the CCF direction, "but the CCF could not perceive that the (wartime) Liberals had made it a gift and went ploughing on in its Fabian rut." It wouldn't do us in the CCF any harm to inquire how far the charge is true that we are the Canadian Bourbons who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the Regina Manifesto. The Liberals and Progressive-Conservatives have at least learned a new jargon since the depression. But shouldn't Mr. Cragg look again more closely at Britain? The Labor government is doing a good deal of ploughing in the old Fabian rut, and it shows not the slightest sign of believing that Britain can solve her problems by painless Keynsian controls and manipulations. *Frank H. Underhill.*

MAN AGAINST MYTH: Barrows Dunham; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 320; $3.00.

Professor Dunham delivers a broadside against ten "modern myths," including the beliefs that you can't change human nature, that the rich are fit and the poor unfit, that there are superior and inferior races, and that there are two sides to every question. He is undoubtedly on the side of the angels, and most of the myths he attacks need debunking. However, his style falls between two schools: it is a little too academic to convince those who really believe the myths, and a little too popular to provide any new ammunition for those who agree with him. Also, in at least one chapter, he seems to have let his personal dislikes slant his argument. He misrepresents the semanticists' position, and in so doing overlooks the fact that semantics provides one of the strongest weapons to destroy two of his other myths: racism and name-calling. *Edith Fowke.*

FOUR CAUTIONARY TALES: translated from the Chinese by Harold Acton and Lee Yi-Hsieh; preface by Arthur Waley; John Lehmann; pp. 159; $3.00.

Four short stories by Feng Meng-lung, a writer and administrator who lived at the time of the Manchu conquest in the seventeenth century, and was destroyed in attempting to resist it. He is thus one of the last writers to capture for us the peculiar flavor of Classical Chinese civilization, with all its subtle blending of delicacy and cruelty, of rigorous convention and subversive humor. The stories are charming by any standards, and those who like such Western chinoiserie as the Kai Lung tales should enjoy the genuine article proportionately more. The translation reads very well, in spite of the pervasive quaintness which seems inseparable from English renderings of Chinese. *N.F.*

TERESA AND OTHER STORIES: Sean O'Faolain; Clarke, Irwin and Co.; pp. 160; $2.00.

Open this book at any random page, you have only to read a paragraph or two to be captured and convinced by Sean O'Faolain's great talent. No matter how slight the story, whether it is, "The Woman Who Married Clark Gable," or "The Man Who Invented Sin," or "Unholy Living and Half Dying," there is about it an air of distinction and an illuminating quality that can only be described as the light of truth. All the stories in this unpretentious volume, satirical, gently ironical, or poetry-filled, bask in this light.

Here as in his novel, *A Nest of Simple Folk*, O'Faolain shows his power of evoking a lifetime by the description of a single scene in the lives of his characters. His people are unfailingly human whether they are nuns or peasants or the diverse denizens of Cork. They are described with shrewd irony and yet with compassion. Always the sigh behind the smile, the tear behind the laugh.

This quality, so characteristically Irish, is typical of O'Faolain. It gives his work a timeless Irish flavor which only augments its universal appeal. This is the best collection of short stories this reviewer has seen in years. *H.T.T.*

RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES IN OUR TIME: edited by Martin Estall; Ryerson; pp. viii, 198; $1.25.

This little volume contains a selection of the lectures given at the fifteenth annual conference of the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs at Lake Couchiching last summer. There is not so much as usual in it on international relations, in spite of the permanent international crisis in which we live. But there are some very good discussions of some of our domestic Canadian problems, especially one on Dominion-Provincial relations by Wilfrid Eggleston and one on Canada's housing problems by Humphrey Carver. What the volume does not convey is the vigorous discussion and controversy that mark the Couchiching meetings and make them most valuable. But it is very readable throughout; and this annual series of Couchiching publications is one of the most useful contributions to adult education in the whole country. *F.H.U.*

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JOHN MACDONALD, Dean
Faculty of Arts and Science.

Edmonton, Canada
May 30, 1947.

THE SCOT IN HISTORY: Wallace Notestein; Ryerson; pp. 371; $5.00.

An attempt to convey, by means of an easy-going historical jog-trot, the distinctive characteristics of Scottish culture, and to discover what sort of reality underlies the ready-made stereotypes of thrift, dourness, humorlessness, ambition, respect for education, and nonconforming aggressiveness which are usually associated with the Scotch. Doubtless there are such things as national characteristics, but so many accidents and exceptions are involved in them that such generalizations as "The Scots are better at taking a joke against themselves than the English" seem to me of very doubtful value. The purpose of this book would probably have been better served by a straightforward cultural history. For an uninstructed non-Scottish reviewer two things seem under-stressed: the distinctive features of Highland culture and the variety and richness of the civilization of medieval Scotland, culminating in something of a golden age in the fifteenth century. Duns Scotus, for instance, is not mentioned. The best parts of the book deal with the Reformation and the eighteenth century. *N.F.*

SUNDAY MONDAY: Harry Amoss; Ryerson Press; pp. 56; $2.00.

This collection has the usual attributes of newspaper verse: topicality, humor, and a homely superficiality. Most of the poems are very acceptable of their kind, and it is only where the author attempts a more serious pretentiousness that he falls below his standard. *M.R.G.*

COFFEE AND BITTERS: Nathan Ralph; Macmillan; pp. 37; $1.50.

There are many excellent pictures and some good phrases in Mr. Ralph's work; but a main fault of the collection is its formlessness. The poems are written in a loose unrhythmic line which depends on the typographical arrangement for poetic effect; and the subject-matter tends to be brief comments on a situation, or rapid outlines of a scene, rather than any co-ordinated effort at progressive thought. The powers of observation shown are capable of being used to much better effect. *M.R.G.*

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16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada
Telephone RA. 3297
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SUBSCRIPTION RATE: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.
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